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DEVOTED TO

General Literature and the Fine Arts.

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THE PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE.

The Editor of a periodical publication, devoted to literature, has numerous and arduous difficulties before him. He has not only to struggle against the obstacles which long established customs, opinions, and prejudices have formed, in opposition to literary pursuits; to resist the negative, though obstinate adversaries, which indifference and coldness toward literary efforts, call up; but he is compelled to consult such a diversity of tastes and dispositions, that the hope of success is as one chance, to the innumerable chances which these oppose to him. There is a powerful and an increasing prejudice in the general mind, against literature and literary men, which is becoming every day more and more apparent. The pursuits of what is called active business, in a commercial and manufacturing country, are of so engrossing a nature, that the peculiar cast of thought and character, which they impart to the people, appears to be adverse to the prosperity of enterprises, depending, essentially, for success, upon the exercise of abstract mental power. The man of literary predispositions and acquirements is looked upon, in the crowd and bustle of life, as a being of little importance, compared with the stirring, plodding part of society, who are supposed to be always adding to the real and tangible stock of social wealth. He is considered as a drone in the great human hive, more

disposed to subsist upon the labors of others, than to exert his energies for his own support, and the advantage of general society—as a sort of sturdy beggar, who is constantly appealing to the benevolence of the industrious and opulent, for sustenance, instead of exerting his faculties, physical and moral, to secure a pecuniary competency, or independence, for himself. Or, if these prejudices do not so operate as to retard his progress, and destroy his hopes, there are yet others, which possess equal force, and act with equally injurious results upon his fortunes. To be devoted, exclusively, to the profession of letters, is, in the estimation of many, synonymous with a wish to go out from among the mass of society, into a circle, formed for peculiar purposes, all at variance with the interests of the general community. The profession of literature, distinct and exclusive, is denounced, by those who labor in more profitable, and less abstract avocations, as a separate order of society, useless, if not dangerous, to the common welfare. Its members are viewed with a species of indefinable jealousy, as men who are either too proud, or too indolent to mingle and labor with the general crowd; who are attempting to institute distinctions among mankind, founded upon degrees of mental privilege and acquirement, which are supposed not to be recognised by the system of nature, or the utility and necessity of which are not appreciated by the great majority of society. It is enough for these, that they believe it to be contrary to the original, established order of nature, that one man should claim or enjoy prerogatives, differing, in quality or degree, from those which are held by another. The ideas of equality, which are to be found in every country, where political government is constituted upon liberal principles, are never restrained within due and rational limits. They are, to a greater or less extent, carried beyond these, into vague and indefinite regions, where they are lost, or rendered obscure by the mists of prejudice, and the perversions of uncultivated opinion. Intellectual equality is too often identified with that which is asserted to have been originally decreed by the great authority of nature, and confirmed and guaranteed by every enlightened and just political institution. This is the error of those who hold and promulgate these sentiments—that they mistake what they term the system of nature, in its diffused

and general sense, for the system which nature ordains and preserves, in the conformation of mind, distinct from matter. They confound their ideas of the liberty which, by every wise and liberal political constitution, is secured to all, indiscriminately, with their impressions of the equal power, which they attribute to all men, considered as intellectual agents. Hence they cannot discern, or will not acknowledge any superiority in him, who, in genius, and talents, and attainments, surpasses so many of themselves, over the rest of mankind, who, according to their comprehensive creed, are entitled to as much respect and influence, as those who affect a higher title to the reverence of men. And to these causes are to be referred the jealousy and distrust, with which the great body of society view those who apply themselves, with entire, or predominant devotion to literature, in its strict signification, and are known, emphatically, as literary men. To the useful arts and practical sciences, as well as to those by whom they are pursued, much less evil is attributed. These are presumed to be less speculative and visionary, in their nature and purpose, than the profession and votaries of literature. It is said of them, that they contribute more to the benefit of active, real life, than do either men or books, purely theoretical in their reflections, designs and doctrines. The productions of the arts, whether mechanical or liberal, are more tangible and visible to ordinary faculties, than the purely abstract creations of genius or imagination, and those of metaphysical power. They are, therefore, received with greater indulgence, and fostered with more liberality, than are extended to works of the mind, which require the exertion of strictly internal perception, for the proper appreciation of their beauty and utility. But even the labors of the classical artist and operative philosopher are not always observed with favor, or rewarded with munificence. It is thought that they are not of that practical, useful nature, which entitles them to rank with efforts, directed to the production of positive capital for society, and to the business of every day life. If, therefore, they are treated with greater liberality, than is shown to the exertions of the poet, the novelist, or the historian, they are invariably kept, in popular estimation, below more l[illegible]ut—in the general

apprehension—more beneficial, because more substantial and profitable labors.

Literature shares the fate of every thing human, in being subjected to the influence of whim, prejudice, custom and fashion. There is nothing more unstable than opinion, or so mutable as language. There will forever exist in the mind that delicate sense of the correct and the beautiful, termed taste—that incommunicable tact, by which it discriminates, almost intuitively, between rude, unnatural, and false conceptions, and others, that are more consistent with its rules of accurate, chastened judgment. Yet this faculty is exposed to circumstances, and even to chances, which materially affect its nature, and change the principles upon which it is constructed. Innovations are incessantly occurring in the signification of language, which, in the course of time, produce essential influence, salutary, or otherwise, upon its strength and harmony, and at length subvert the rules upon which it was framed. The style and diction of Chaucer and Suckling, are so opposite to those of Campbell and Scott, as to be comparatively unintelligible to modern readers. Even sterling Ben Johnson and Shakspeare, when tried by the rigid rules of modern criticism, are uncouth or obscure; while Spenser is no longer considered a model for poetical imitation, except by those who affect a quaint, obsolete mode of expression, in their ambition to be thought original and eccentric. Many of the writers, whose phraseology has undergone revision, under late canons of taste and philology, and whose peculiar, or favourite idiomatic trophies have been swept off by the stream of improvement, were considered as the masters of their own ages, respectively, and are still recurred to with high admiration, for their vigor of thought, and the fervidness of their imagination. But they have been deprived of much of their "original brightness," by the increase of light, which has been cast upon the world of literature, since they thought and wrote. They were blazing pillars, that went before the ages, by which their own were succeeded, to guide them in the path which leads to true and [illegible]fe renown: but their contemporaries and immediate followers received little advantage from their light, either [illegible]s they were, by the intensity of its

splendor, or careless in pursuing the course which it illumined. Great as some of them undoubtedly were, for the force of their perceptions, and the vividness of their imaginings; illustrious as they have rendered their names, by the surpassing brilliancy and durability of their works, they may yet, without derogating from the veneration which all men owe them, be said to have been deficient in one leading attribute of consummate genius—that which invests its possessor with the will and the power to move onward, in advance of his age, and, in spite of customs, prejudices, and modes, to mark out a career for himself and others, which shall lead to excellence in the works of mind. Much indulgence is to be shown to the reputation of those, who wrote for a people, barbarous, or not yet entirely released from the darkness thrown around them by ignorance and superstition. They must not be judged by the strict laws of criticism, which prevail in a more refined age. They could not, at once, throw off all the restraints, which the harsh authority of the time imposed upon them; disregard the prevalent opinions and prejudices of contemporaries; and hold at defiance all the powers, by which their merits were to be adjudged. But they are not to be exempted from all censure, because they sinned in conformity to the ordinances, or permission of those, to whose tribunal they were amenable. Genius, pure and lofty—the inborn, self-dependent faculty, which acts from its own, spontaneous impulse, and lives, and has its being in a world of its own creation, does not yield tame obedience to any power that would exclude it from its peculiar domain, or limit its aspirations, by making it the follower and flatterer of men and their dogmas. It is not subject to the highest government of custom, even while it appears to pay deference to its dictates. It forms and fashions, at will, the works to which it gives being, and, by its inspired light, advances, at an infinite distance, before the benighted multitudes, who wonder at the splendor of its course, and remain contentedly in their original darkness. We are not, therefore, to hold altogether guiltless even those master spirits, who submitted to the domination of custom, and bent before the follies and errors, which they might and should have dethroned. They were invested with the high prerogative of forming the taste of

their respective countries and ages, upon a model of perfection, which would have endured beyond their own existence; and, while they refined and elevated the human character, they might have enshrined their memories in the hearts of succeeding generations. But they consented to gratify the false or rude taste of the men for whom they wrote; and the evils which their example produced, strengthened by the resistless influence which they exerted, have come down to our own times, and continue to pollute the fountains of thought.

> "The evil that men do, lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

The effect which this pernicious example has wrought upon the productions of modern literature, is apparent to every attentive and judicious observer. The lustre that encircles a great name, dazzles the intellectual vision, and prevents it from discerning defects which a less brilliant light would reveal. Excessive admiration of the beauties which adorn the character or writings of distinguished men, induces, almost invariably, attempts at imitation, which, as they are sustained by less power than was wielded by the adopted model, instead of producing results, divested of the errors which it displays, eventuate in a repetition of them, without preserving the excellencies by which they were extenuated or redeemed. It is the tendency of all imitative efforts to retain, in greater or less degree, the faults of the favorite original, and to disregard, or fail in embodying in their own works, the qualities which endued it with its value and attraction. The animating spirit that warmed and sustained the prototype, has not descended upon the mind, that selects it as its standard of perfection; and the energies, which, if employed on original ideas and thoughts, might have called into existence productions, equal in strength and beauty to those which it emulates, are wasted in efforts to perpetuate deformities, which they who gave them being, would, upon reflection, have condemned, and wished to avoid. To this propensity for imitation are to be charged, as well the faults which attach to the style and language of modern writers, as the want of inventions in new and untried departments of literature. With the exception,

probably, of the novel, there is no species of imaginative composition, of our times, which was unknown to the period of antiquity, or to the middle ages. Epic poetry traces its origin almost to the earliest period of organized society. Homer recited his verses to a people, whose history is obscured in the remoteness of time, and rendered confused and doubtful by the exaggerations of fable. To the Troubadours of Provence, who first appeared in the twelfth century, we ascribe the invention of the legends of chivalry and romance, which, although they have been modified by later writers of fiction, retain their essential nature, and are copied, in their characteristic structure, by modern fabulists. In lyrical composition, Pindar and Horace are considered as inimitable models of excellence; and Sappho and Anacreon, in amatory verse, are still deemed worthy of the palms which were awarded them by the united voice of their contemporaries. The drama has undergone much and very important reformation; but the honor of its invention, and of the prominent attributes which are incorporated with it, is fairly due to the genius of antiquity. While modern research and ingenuity have been constantly adding to the number of inventions, in the mechanical and useful arts; while every faculty has been exerted, and every secret recess of genius explored, to devise plans for the diminution of manual labour, and give facilities to the efforts of manufacturing industry; refined letters and the liberal arts have remained stationary, or advanced but an inconsiderable distance beyond the point to which they attained in their primitive existence. They are not thus arrested in their progress by any natural or necessary causes. Imagination is as vigorous, and as capable of exertion now, as it was in the age of Homer; but it is not so vivid or so free, as it was then, or in a time more recent, because it is chilled and restrained by an undue admiration of ancient thinkers and writers, and by a proneness to imitate them, instead of allowing fair indulgence to its own native powers. It is the error of our day and generation, to ascribe to the fancy an infinitely greater freedom and vivacity, in a natural and rude state of existence, than it enjoys under a more improved arrangement of society. The strength which it exerts in its original condition, is often spent in wild and useless struggles, to accomplish objects,

which are either beyond its reach, or, if attained, are either worthless or detrimental; while the attractive grace and well defined purpose, which distinguish it, when it is chastened by culture, and improved by reflection, impart to it a more effective, because a more concentrated power, and a capacity for elevated flight toward objects that are rendered certain and definite.

To this fondness for imitation, and inordinate admiration of whatever is supposed to be hallowed by the spirit of antiquity, we may impute most of the prevailing defects in the literature of the times. The literature of the ancients is continually referred to as the standard of perfection, and held up to the young aspirant to literary renown, as the only, or the best original for study and imitation. Its faults are lost sight of, in the dimness which is thrown around it, by the lapse of time, or forgotten in the delirium of admiration, with which the entire result of its labours is observed. The student is taught, within the walls of Alma Mater, to reverence the memory of the philosophers, bards, and historians of other days, and to contemn the productions of modern genius, when tested by the high standard which has been set up for him by learned pedagogues, to whose oracular judgment he yielded implicit faith. The years and toil which are devoted to translating Homer, and scanning Virgil, and culling the flowers of all other ancient bards, to adorn a couplet, or a thesis, had they been spent in original thought and composition, might have rendered those who have thus misemployed them, themselves objects of praise to the wise and the truly learned, instead of placing them in the ranks with erudite dulness and prosing pedantry. They chose the task which, from almost immemorial time, has been chosen by the learned Thebans, who are content to borrow thoughts, while they might bring forth from their own copious stores of intellect, original conceptions, higher and purer than all those which they have drawn from other minds. They have exhausted their strength, and burned out the taper of life, in toiling upon the productions of other men, while they might have been building up for themselves a fame as illustrious as any that brightens the page of antiquity; and they have their reward, in seeing their versions and annotations mixed up, with the common mass of

lumber that encumbers the bookseller's shelves, and lingers on his catalogue.

But there are other causes, than those which are here enumerated, that tend to retard the improvement of literature, and to create a corrupt taste in such as resign themselves to literary pursuits. There is a prurient ambition of originality, which may be as baneful to the interests of refined literature, as the most servile imitation of ready-made models, ancient or modern. It is this affectation of original writing, which has introduced into the compositions of so many versifiers and prosaists, the inflated style and quaint conceits, that are sent forth to the world as testimonials of glorious fancy and excellent genius. The aspiring and inspired writers of occasional exquisite poesy, imagine that to be forever straining after what is new, is the infallible mean of attaining to what is perfect. They forget that he who expresses himself, whether in verse or prose, in the most natural and simple strain; invests pure and vigorous thoughts with plain, yet expressive and beautiful language; conveys the dictates of his feeling, or his fancy, in unpretending, though glowing style; has a fairer and a surer claim to approbation, than the most daring genius, who is incessantly torturing his invention, to produce something strange and novel, and obscuring his thoughts in fantastic phrase. Less injury to taste is to be apprehended from fidgetty anxiety to fashion forth unwonted ideas, in preference to those which may have already been formed, and embodied in language, than from an overstrained desire to express what is familiar or trite, in pompous, high-swelling words. He is to be applauded and respected, who is content to give utterance to rational impressions, in strong, appropriate, and elegant language, and yet language which all shall comprehend, and which shall come to the heart, with just title to a permanent place in its records. Such a writer is not often met in the present walks of literature. Lofty verbiage is, under the modern code for the regulation of the alphabet, too frequently substituted for the spirit of imagination, and the force of reason. It is not philosophical speculation, or metaphysical subtlety, that the readers of poetry require, in those who think and write for their benefit. Nor is it a verbose, tumid, or vapid style that will satisfy the judicious critics of the bard's effusions. He must breathe the

highest and fairest creations of his fancy, in unaffected and natural, not strained and elaborated language, instead of racking his brain and ransacking his dictionary, for unusual, and high-wrought epithets. He should not mistake forced and climbing ideas, for better, or more original conceptions, than preceding writers have produced, or imagine that substantive expressions, and superfluous expletives, "of learned length and thundering sound," will place his poetical name on the roll of immortality. Good sense and fair deduction are as essential to good poetry, as they are to the most sober, argumentative prose; and he who thinks, by the affectation of novel thoughts, or the use of bombastic phraseology, to acquire lasting, or any enviable reputation, as a poet, will meet with more mortifying disappointment than has befallen "simple Wordsworth," in his hopes of being esteemed natural and artless, as well as simple, which all acknowledge him to be. It is time that the tinsel and frippery, the gorgeous imagery and puerile fancies which characterize the ambitious poetry of the day, were cut off, as cumberers of the ground, that should be suffered to produce nothing but vigorous plants and fragrant flowers. Pope, and Dryden, and Milton, the great patriarchs of modern song, did not earn their high and enduring fame, by disfiguring their compositions with such tawdry gew-gaws. They sought and found the deep and pure sources of poetic inspiration; the Helicon, that sprang up in their fervid fancy and cultivated reason; the "well of English, undefiled," where they drank freely, to avoid the inebriation which "shallow draughts" would have occasioned. Goldsmith, and Thomson, and Burns, sent forth their simple, yet true and significant thoughts, "pure messengers from the heart," unencumbered with the flippant verbosity, which would only have obscured their meaning, and endangered the reputation of those from whom they emanated. These are the genuine poets of nature, who sang her praises, and described her beauties, under the influence of the feelings which she inspired. Their fame will be as permanent as it is bright, because they did not seek it at the turbid rills, where the common herd of rhymesters find their Pieria, but at the clear, living streams of matured thought and chastened imagination.

The false taste, which pervades the productions of modern

writers of poetry, is an evil that clings to the abstract poetical character of the present period. This may be described, in few words, as unmeaning, inanimate, or unnatural; overloaded with epithets, with inapposite metaphor, and pompous expressions; as aiming at originality, to the neglect of sense and propriety; or affecting a simplicity, which betrays too much art, and descends to puerility, or surfeits with feigned sentiment. The perpetrators of American poetry are arraigned for offences in their own especial department, which are peculiar to themselves. If they do not resort, for mythology and metaphor, to the bards of ancient days, or persist in a preference for the heroes and demi-gods of antiquity, over the real, substantial beings of their own time, they are guilty of as great a crime against literary taste, as is charged upon the parodists and plagiarists of the old world. We are pertinaciously reminded by the reviewers and the reviewed of foreign countries, that our republic is yet too young and feeble to vie with the refined and experienced regions of the other hemisphere, in literary enterprise or celebrity. They insist upon it, that a country which dates its independent existence only half a century from the present time, would be presumptuous, in attempting a competition with more ancient and cultivated parts of the world; that it is only after a nation has acquired an excess of resources beyond its actual necessities; when luxury and refinement have taken the places of poverty and labor, that the imagination finds time to revel in its ideal world, and taste calls forth the finished works of art and fancy. Our opinions, our fashions, and our literature,—if the language be not esteemed too quaint,—are, as well as our broadcloths and laces, imported from abroad. We are credulous enough to believe what we are told by foreigners, of the dulness of our imaginative faculty, and the unclassical bearing of our writers. We assent to the truth of their assertion, that it requires more time, and infinitely more wealth and labor, to inspire the imagination and refine the taste, in a new country, than to bring to perfection the manipulation of calicoes and ribands, or even coarse woollen fabrics. Our poets and our prosers concur in the sentiment, that, as poetry and prose, to be read by fashionable, literary amateurs, must be formed upon foreign models, and that, as they must, to be considered undoubtedly classical and

polite, have been approved by trans-Atlantic critics, a bond on fame and fortune can be secured to their authors, only by echoing the language, sentiment, and style of other countries. Contrivers of strange, and before unheard of plots and devices, spring up, in rapid succession; contribute their fugitive vagaries to the journals and magazines of the great island Babel; and sparkle and glitter in ode or stanza, arrayed in all the garniture of antiquated words and mock sentiment. Their occasional leaves, unlike those of the Sybil, enhance in presumed value, as they increase in number. Ther fantastic, irregular flights, are gazed upon with astonishment, as the very loftiest ascents of genius. They, themselves, become the fashionable versifiers of the hour. Their fugacious rhymes are read with unutterable delight, by the exquisite literati; transferred to the pages of albums; recited in polite circles; selected for the muse's corner in newspapers; and all who aspire to the laurel of poesy, sit down, under the fancied promptings of its god, to imitate them, for the amusement of their friends, and the special edification of all people of real taste and literature. Fashion is the ruling deity, to which both mind and matter are forced to yield; and to be fashionable, it is indispensably necessary to peruse and praise the out-pourings of the poetical prodigies, on whose names the fickle divinity has set her seal of approbation. Byron, ennobled and inspired as he was, and much as he has said and sung, which may be set apart for coming generations, from among heaps of rubbish, in which it is concealed,—Byron, himself, with all his glow of passion, and eccentricity of genius, is in imminent danger of having all the leaves of his laureate crown plucked from his brow, one by one, by the innumerable poets and poetesses who rival him in fame, or at least in favor.

We are a young people, and, in our anxiety to escape from the imputation of mental weakness, which our youth has brought upon us, from more matured nations, we are, perhaps, too solicitous of precocious celebrity in the achievements of literature. It is for this reason that so many of our writers hasten into the literary arena, to wrestle for the prize of victory, before they have made due preparation for the arduous struggle, by storing their minds with the precepts, which are to be derived only from a judicious process of study and con-

templation. Ardent desire to obtain renown in literature, is presumed to be a certain indication of superior genius; and genius, itself, is supposed to be all-potent for the erection of lasting monuments to those who possess it, unaided by thought, well digested, and by education, prosecuted with perseverance, and adapted to the peculiar career which is to be pursued. These lamentable errors, which are so prevalent in our own country, have resulted in more injury to its literary character than, probably, any others by which it is affected. To its poetical reputation they have been especially detrimental. The youth, just escaped from his academical pupilage, and glowing with the fervor of fancy, which has been kindled by his contemplation of the glorious works of ancient genius, is resolved upon emulating the renown which he has been tutored to venerate, and to obtain, by his poetical compositions, the applause of posterity, as well as that of his contemporaries. He fancies that the inspiring god is present with him, because he feels an irrepressible desire to gain the name and honors of a poet. If genius has not blessed him with the gifts that attract the admiration of men, and place their possessor so far above the rest of our species, he thinks that they are his own, while the intensity of his anxiety for fame, and the warmth of his feelings, urge him onward in his course of poetical adventure. The lore which he has amassed from the pages of antiquity, he feels assured will supply whatever deficiency there may be in his imagination; and the poetical fervor, the brilliant imagery, and the apposite illustrations, which he has so often and so fondly observed in the writings of others, he imagines may, at pleasure, be equalled in his own. He finds, when too late, that he has been self-duped; that genius is an entirely different quality from any which nature has bestowed upon him; that learning cannot breathe the spirit of life and beauty into his elaborate creations, and he either desists, in despair, from his efforts, or continues them, without effecting the object for which they are made. But they who think that the best and most imperishable poetry is always the spontaneous product of the mind; that it is dictated by nature, and requires not the aid of profound thought, and long instruction; that it springs from the uncultured, but rich fancy, as wild flowers rise from a neglected, but fertile soil—these are the most nu-

merous and mistaken persecutors of the muse. They, as well as the learned plodders, who miscall provoked fancy, genius, and a knowledge of other men's thoughts, poetical power, have a solemn account to render to the age, and the respective countries in which they live, and rhyme. The sentence of reprobation, which has already been pronounced against them, will be confirmed by posterity, and their names will go down, with their deeds, to forgetfulness, or be remembered, only to be despised.

It is complained of, by the great majority of American writers, that they are neglected, even in their native country, and that a preference is almost invariably given, here, to the productions of foreign authors, over their own. The fact must be admitted; but is not the preference which is thus complained of too often justified by the superior merits of those to whom it is shown? It is a dangerous error to suppose that native writers ought to be favored more than those of foreign birth, merely because they *are* native. Yet, although the causes which have occasioned the general inferiority of our own works of literature, when compared with those of some other countries, are powerful in defence of the greater favor which is extended to the latter, they are not sufficient to justify contempt and neglect of *all* native literary efforts, and an exclusive preference of *all* foreign writers over those of this country. It is not to be denied—and the existence of the fact is disgraceful to us, as a people—that native genius and talent are too much neglected, while writers, infinitely less gifted, and less powerful than some of our own, engross almost all popularity among us, and are rewarded more liberally than our most meritorious authors. It is just and proper that superior merit should be cherished and sustained, without regard to the age or country in which it is found; but it is shamefully unjust to frown upon, and discourage all the professors and productions of literature, for no other reason than because they trace their origin to the country in which they are thus unfairly treated. There may be too much sensitiveness and irritation evinced by such as have observed and *felt* this injustice towards American literature: but it is required of us, by the attachment which we, as Americans, should all feel for the land of our nativity, and the deep interest which we ought to take in its

intellectual, as well as its political reputation, to speak truly and fearlessly of the mercenary, and prejudiced, and illiberal spirit, which prompts American publishers, and the American people, to scoff at the genius, which sheds lustre on their own land, and to treat all its noblest efforts with insult and contumely. It is true, that we are not yet equal, as a whole community of mental laborers, to the nations of the elder world, that have gathered knowledge from the experience of so many centuries, and resorted to every source whence they could derive improvement in the productions of taste and imagination. But we have writers, in almost every department of polite letters, who may dispute the claim of excellence with those of the proudest name, of the present period, in Europe. The erroneous taste, which is so visible in our national literature, and so prejudicial to its character, will gradually yield to the sound sense and correct imagination, which are advancing in strength and refinement, as time, and a proper system of education produce their progressive improvements in the intellectual constitution. It will not always be the reproach of our country, that its literature is frivolous or flippant, and that it is compelled to rely, for its literary resources, on foreigners, who unite with their publishers and ours, in smiling at the neglect with which we treat our best writers, and the unmerited partiality that we evince for the tolerable, or indifferent of other parts of the world; while they enjoy the emolument which our folly and injustice secure to them. The time must, and will come, and come, too, before the revolution of many lustres, when American poets and novelists will have their merits rightly appreciated, and their exertions fairly recompensed; when it will no longer be considered unfashionable to read their works, and speak in their praise; and when theatrical managers shall require no other inducement to accept the pieces of native dramatists, for representation, than confidence in their worth, and of their favorable reception by enlightened and just auditors. This is a consummation which is sincerely desired, by all who can form a proper estimate of the value which real genius and talent ought to bear in a free country; who are sensible of the high and permanent advantages which they confer upon it, and of the obscurity in which it must be

enveloped, when the light, which they reflect upon it, becomes languid or extinct.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PROGRESS OF LITERATURE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

No. I.

The love of fame is the ruling passion, and to this, society is more indebted, than to any other impulse to which the mind is subject. The scholar wastes not his life over the midnight lamp, merely that he may enlighten the world, nor the statesman his breath in speeches, as blustering as Boreas, from the pure dictates of patriotism. The soldier gathers not laurels at the cannon's mouth, for the love of fighting; nor does the philanthropist do good by stealth, from the unalloyed impulse of philanthropy. An innate love of distinction is the mainspring of human action; and though that distinction, in most cases, amounts to little more than a paragraph in a biographical dictionary, seldom opened, still it proves sufficient to stimulate to worthy actions. The trifling meed should not, therefore, be withheld, when the task has been accomplished. With these views, we propose to give some account of the pioneers of literature in Pennsylvania, confining our researches to such writers as death has rendered alike insensible to censure or to praise; but we do not pretend to be so minute as to preclude the necessity of others treating on the same subject.

Pennsylvania was the second English colony in America, into which the art of printing was introduced. This important event took place as early as the year 1686, and we are indebted for it to William Bradford, who came over among the first emigrants from England, with William Penn. His press is supposed to have been established in Kensington, in the vicinity of the Treaty Elm. The first work published by him, which was a sheet almanac, is dated 1687, and is still extant in the Franklin Library. In consequence of religious controversies, Bradford's residence in Philadelphia was of short duration. He incurred the displeasure of the dominant party, and removed to New York in 1693, where he died, in 1752.

Andrew Bradford, his son, who was born in Philadelphia, learnt the art of printing with his father, in New York, and

returned to his native city about the year 1712, and from that time, until 1723, was the only printer in the colony. On December 22nd, 1719, he issued the first newspaper ever published in Pennsylvania, entitled the American Weekly Mercury.

Samuel Keimer, who had learnt the trade in London, became a competitor of Bradford in 1723, but, according to Franklin, he was but ill prepared to embark in the business, as his printing materials consisted "of an old damaged press, and a small cast of worn out English types, contained in one pair of cases." His press was defective; it had not been put together, and Keimer, having been bred a compositor, knew nothing of the pressman's department. Franklin, who visited Philadelphia at this time, in search of employment, in noticing Bradford and the other, says: "they were both destitute of every qualification necessary to their profession. The first was very illiterate, and the other ignorant of the world." Franklin tells us that Keimer was something of a poet, and when he first saw him, he was engaged, both mentally and manually, in composing an elegy on the death of Aquilla Rose, secretary to the general assembly, and principal workman in Bradford's employment. His verses flowed, without interruption, from his muse to his composing stick, the process of writing being dispensed with. In Thomas's History of Printing in America, we meet with a specimen of this writer's poetry, extracted from the Barbadoes Gazette of May 4th, 1734, of which paper, Keimer was, at that time, the editor. It is an address "To those who'd be thought gentlemen, who have long taken this paper, and never paid for it, and seem never to design to pay for it.—The sorrowful lamentation of Samuel Keimer, printer of the Barbadoes Gazette.

"What a pity it is that some modern bravadoes,
Who dub themselves gentlemen, here in Barbadoes,
Should, time after time, run in debt to their printer,
And care not to pay him, in summer or winter!"

And so on, to the end of thirty-four lines, from which we learn that

"Tho' working like slave, with zeal and true courage,
He scarcely could get even salt to his porridge."

From this paper a collection of essays, &c. was published, in two quarto volumes, in London, in 1741, entitled *Caribbeana*. Franklin, in his memoirs of himself, gives a graphic and an amusing sketch of this ill-starred wight.

A neatly turned line of sarcasm, from a reputed wit, will descend from father to son, for centuries, until it is received as a truth, as incontrovertible as holy writ. The ill-timed parody on a line in Thomson's Sophonisba, is remembered, while the beauties, profusely scattered through that drama, are forgotten; and Pope's distich upon James Ralph, has consigned the name of the latter to contempt, though he possessed considerable talent and industry, and his writings surpass, in positive merit, the works of many, who have been rewarded with honorable and permanent distinction. Ralph was an early friend of Franklin, and accompanied him to England in 1724, with the avowed purpose of becoming an author by profession, and commenced his career as an unsuccessful political writer. He then attempted dramatic writing, and between the years 1730 and 1744, produced four plays: "The Fashionable Lady," "Fall of the Earl of Essex," "Lawyer's Feast," and "The Astrologer," neither of which received much approbation. As a historian, he has been more fortunate. He published, in two folio volumes, "The History of England, during the reigns of William, Anne, and George I." Charles Fox pronounces him, "a historian of great acuteness, as well as diligence, but who falls sometimes into the common error of judging too much by the event." No slight praise, considering the source from which it emanates. He wrote many political pamphlets, some of which, we are told, were looked upon as master-pieces. The Dutchess of Marlborough having published, in 1742, the memoirs of her own life, Ralph wrote an answer to it, entitled 'The other side of the Question,' which attracted much public notice, and he became so formidable to the ministry, towards the end of Sir Robert Walpole's time, that it was deemed expedient to silence him with a pension. To this circumstance Churchill alludes in his "Conference"—

> "See men transform'd to brutes, and brutes to men,
> See Whitehead take a place, Ralph change his pen."

This pension is stated to have been 600 pounds per annum,

Franklin says 300, and that he enjoyed it until the time of his death, in 1762, which gives the lie direct to the remark of the annotator on the Dunciad, when he says: "He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnall, and received a small pittance for pay." In the same note, he is said to have been "wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French." In the Biographia Dramatica, we are told, that "he understood French and Latin, and was not altogether ignorant of Italian." But this has little bearing on the point. He might have been a powerful writer, though ignorant of either of these languages, and a profoundly dull one, with a perfect knowledge of all. To the writings already enumerated, we may add, "Sawney, a poem," which called forth the anger of Pope; "Night, a poem," the title of which is recorded in the Dunciad; and his last work, "The case of Authors stated, with regard to Booksellers, the Stage, and the Public." The only account of his early life, extant, is that given by Franklin; and, as he was a Philadelphian, we could not overlook him, though his literary distinction was acquired in another country.

Thomas Makin wrote in 1729, in Latin hexameters, *Descriptio Pennsylvaniæ*, and the year preceding, *Encomium Pennsylvaniæ*, which were addressed to James Logan, and may be seen in Proud's History of Pennsylvania. We know not at what time he came to this country. He succeeded George Keith, as preceptor of the Friends' Public School, and was, in the words of Proud, "sometimes clerk of the Provincial Assembly." The poems, abovementioned, were written as an amusement, in his old age. It does not appear that he produced any other writings.

Of Benjamin Franklin, it is unnecessary for us to speak at large, as the events of his long and useful life have repeatedly been laid before the public, and are familiar to every school-boy. It is sufficient for us to advert to him, as a copious contributor to the literature of Pennsylvania;—to the science of the world. He published the second newspaper established in the province, which he purchased from Keimer, already mentioned, nine months after its commencement, at which time he had not procured one hundred subscribers. This paper was entitled, *The Universal Instructer, in all arts and*

sciences: and Pennsylvania Gazette. The first title was dropped, when it came under Franklin's control.

John Bartram, a quaker, and self-taught philosopher, was in habits of intercourse with Logan and Franklin. He was born near Derby, in what was then Chester county, in 1701, and was the first who established a botanic garden in America. He corresponded with many distinguished foreigners, and was pronounced by Linnæus the greatest natural botanist in the world. He was finally appointed American botanist to George III. He is said to have been a very ingenious mechanic, and to have built, with his own hands, the house in which he resided. He quarried the stone, prepared the timber, and engraved the following distich in front of the building, on its completion:

"To God alone; the Almighty Lord,
The Holy One, by me adored."

John Bartram, 1770.

He claims our notice, on account of a book, entitled *An Account of East Florida, by W. Stork, M. D. With a Journal, kept by John Bartram, of Philadelphia, Botanist to His Majesty, on a Journey from St. Augustine, up the river St. John.* 8vo. London, 1765.

The name of James Logan is distinguished in our early literature. He came from England in 1699, then in his 25th year, as secretary to William Penn, and fortunately found sufficient inducement to continue in the new world. He held several posts of trust and distinction, under the proprietaries, and in the course of a few years after his arrival, became generally known in Europe as a man of science. He communicated several valuable papers to the Royal Society, and, in 1739, published, at Leyden, his treatise in Latin, entitled, "*Experimenta et meletemata de Plantarum generatione,*" which was subsequently translated by Dr. Fothergill, and published in London, in 1747. He printed, at the same time, at Leyden, another treatise, entitled, "*Canonum pro inveniendis refractionum tum simplicium tum in lentibus duplicium focis, demonstrationes geometricæ. Autore Jacobo Logan, Judice Supremo et Præside provinciæ Pennsylvaniensis in America.*" Mr. Logan did much towards establishing Godfrey's claim to the honor of having

invented the quadrant, of which he had been deprived by Hadley. In his 60th year, he made a translation of *Cicero de Senectute*, which Franklin published, ten years afterwards. He was a man of various and extensive learning, ancient and modern. To a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, French and Italian languages, he added an acquaintance with the Oriental tongues. He died on the 31st of October, 1751, aged 77, bequeathing his library to the citizens of Pennsylvania, which, under the name of the Loganian Library, will, for centuries, remain a noble monument of his learning, industry, and munificence.

Much has been written and published in this state, on the subject of slavery and the slave trade. The question was early agitated during our colonial condition; and among those who endeavoured to expose the injustice and inhumanity of the system, were Ralph Sandyford, Benjamin Lay and Anthony Benezet, the lives of whom are before the public, written by a gentleman,* alike distinguished by his philanthropy, and his zeal in preserving a record of early events, relating to the history of Pennsylvania. Sandyford was a native of Liverpool, in England. He was, for some years, a sailor, and came to Philadelphia while a youth. In 1729 he published "The Mystery of Iniquity; or a brief examination of the practice of the Times," and died in 1733, at Lower Dublin, in the county of Philadelphia. Dr. Rush published, in the Columbian Magazine, a life of Benjamin Lay. This singular man was also a sailor, and was born in England, in 1677. At the age of 54, he came to Philadelphia, and soon testified his zeal against traffic in flesh, whether human, or otherwise. He abstained from animal food; and his favorite meal is said to have been boiled turnips, afterwards roasted. Believing this anti-carniverous system not sufficiently purifying, he undertook a fast of forty days, in imitation of the Saviour, and was saved from starvation by the interference of his friends. He lived to the age of 82. He was about four feet in stature, and his usual dress was tow linen, unbleached, and woven by himself. In 1737, he published his first pamphlet against slavery, which was followed by others, all circulated gratis. He appears to

* Roberts Vaux, Esq.

have been altogether exempt from the irritability commonly attributed to authors; for it is recorded, that on presenting a manuscript to Franklin, for publication, the latter remarked, that it was not paged, and he knew not where to begin. "Begin where you please, and print as much of it as you like," replied the other. On these terms the work was put to press, after it had undergone Franklin's revision. Anthony Benezet was born in France, in 1713, and came to Philadelphia at the age of 18. In 1762 he published his "Account of that part of Africa, inhabited by the Negroes," which was succeeded by other writings, on this and religious topics. He passed several years as a teacher in the public schools, and died in 1784, aged 71, having attained to an enviable height in the estimation of his fellow citizens.

Franklin labored assiduously to promote a literary taste in Philadelphia, and to establish literary and scientific institutions. In the year 1728, about the 22nd year of his age, he formed a society called the Junto, which originally consisted of twelve members, who met weekly, for the "discussion of questions in morality, politics, and natural philosophy." This society subsisted for many years, having contributed much to the dissemination of knowledge among its several members, and at last became the foundation of the American Philosophical Society. In 1731 he suggested the plan of the "Library Company of the city of Philadelphia," an important institution to all ranks of people. In 1749 he drew up and published a plan for an academy and charitable school, which went into operation the following year: but, looking forward to a more improved state of society, he declared this academy to be "intended as a foundation for posterity to erect into a college, or seminary of learning, more extensive, and suitable to future circumstances;" which intention was subsequently fulfilled. In 1752 he was influential in obtaining a legislative sanction and grant for the establishment and endowment of the Pennsylvania Hospital, a durable monument of his philanthropy and public spirit. In viewing the distinguished career of Dr. Franklin, we concur in the following opinion, expressed by his eulogist, Dr. Smith:

"Franklin, as a philosopher, might have become a Newton; as a lawgiver, a Lycurgus: but he was greater than either of

them, by uniting the talents of both, in the practical philosophy of doing good; compared to which, all the palms of speculative wisdom and science wither on the sight. He did not seek to derive his eminence from the mere profession of letters, which, although laborious, seldom elevates a man to any high rank in the public confidence and esteem; but he became great, by applying his talents to things useful, and accommodating his instructions to the exigencies of times, and the necessities of his country."

Soon after the organization of the Philosophical Society, it shone forth as a constellation of science and learning, and might fairly have been brought in competition with similar institutions of Europe. The names of Franklin, Smith, Rittenhouse, and others, appear with much distinction, in the early volumes of the transactions of this society. The two last mentioned were indefatigable and eminently successful in their astronomical researches.

Franklin, it may be said, laid the foundation of the Philadelphia college; but Dr. Smith erected and adorned this temple of science. He was inducted provost of this institution, and professor of natural philosophy, on the 25th of May, 1754, and on the 14th of May, 1755, an additional charter was granted by the proprietaries, by which, a college, vested with the power of conferring degrees, was engrafted on the original seminary. "In the year 1761, the trustees, finding that the income of the college was insufficient to defray the necessary expenses, and having exhausted the sources from which money could be obtained in the province, determined to make application to the mother country for assistance. With this view, they proposed to the provost, Dr. Smith, that he should proceed to England, where his personal endeavors might be useful in promoting their design. He cheerfully acquiesced, and, being provided with the proper credentials, left his family, and embarked for Europe."*

The amount which he collected, during this visit to England, "was more than six thousand pounds sterling. This benefaction having been conferred with the understanding, that it should form a permanent fund, the money was invested by the

* Dr. Wood's Address, delivered before the Philomathean Society.

trustees in the best securities, and the interest applied to the purposes of the institution. To the exertions of Dr. Smith this favorable issue of their project was principally attributable, and their sense of his merits on the occasion is very strongly expressed, in several places, on the minutes of the board."* About ten years after this splendid contribution from England, it was thought adviseable to make farther efforts at home, and accordingly, Dr. Smith was sent by the board to South Carolina, where he collected more than one thousand pounds sterling.

It has with truth been remarked, that Dr. Smith grew gray in literature, and the advancement of letters in Pennsylvania. In October, 1757, he commenced "The American Magazine, or Monthly Chronicle, for the British colonies," which was abruptly terminated in October, 1758, in consequence of an arbitrary proceeding of the legislature, which compelled our author to make a voyage to Great Britain, and his associates in carrying on the magazine, most of whom were among his pupils, declined continuing the work during his absence. Dr. Smith, at this time, edited a German newspaper, as agent for a society formed in London, for benevolent purposes. Formal complaints having been made to the house of assembly, respecting the official conduct of William Moore, Esq. president of the court of common pleas, for the county of Chester, the assembly applied to the governor to remove him from office. Moore, in his vindication, presented "an humble address" to the governor, which was expressed in terms which proved offensive to the assembly, and that august body resolved that "it was a libel." Dr. Smith translated the address for his German paper, and, refusing to make satisfactory acknowledgment to the house, for the constructive offence, he and the judge were both thrown into prison. They petitioned the king for redress, and the arbitrary proceeding of the law makers was fully exposed. The offensive address was published both by Franklin and Bradford, in their respective papers, but neither of them was molested.

Dr. Smith was educated at the university of Aberdeen, where he graduated in 1747. The three following years he

* Dr. Wood's Address.

spent in teaching a parochial school, and in 1750 was sent up to London, in pursuance of some plan for the better endowment of such schools. He soon relinquished this employment, and embarked for America, where he was engaged as private tutor in the family of governor Martin, on Long Island, New York, for upwards of two years, when he took charge of the Philadelphia Seminary. Prior to this event, he revisited England, and obtained clerical orders in December, 1753. In 1759 he was honored with the degree of D. D. from the university of Oxford, on the recommendation of the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishops of Durham, Salisbury, Oxford and St. Asaph. About the same time he received a similar degree from the university of Trinity college, Dublin. He died May 14th, 1803, aged 76.

There are many strong evidences in Barton's life of Rittenhouse of the interest which Dr. Smith took in the advancement of that self-taught philosopher; and Galt, in his Life of West, also makes honorable mention of his name. He was the means of drawing that great artist from obscurity, and he bestowed upon him, while yet a youth, instruction, which corrected his taste and enlarged his imagination. Dr. Smith's writings were multifarious, for he lived during an eventful period, and touched upon most important subjects which then agitated the public mind. His writings were generally popular, and his discourses from the pulpit uncommonly so. He delivered several military sermons, of which, that preached in Christ church, June 23, 1775, at the request of the officers of colonel Cadwalader's battalion, occasioned an unusual sensation, both here and in England. In a few weeks it ran through several American editions, and the chamberlain of London ordered ten thousand copies to be printed at his expense, in so cheap a form as to be sold at two pence each. It was violently abused by the tories, and as liberally eulogized by the whigs. Dr. Priestly praised it in the Monthly Review of August of that year, and the venerable John Wesley attempted a reply to it, but in a manner which proved that his faculties had "fallen in the sear." In 1802 Dr. Smith issued proposals for publishing a collection of his writings, in five large octavo volumes, only two of which, however, were published, in 1803, the year of the author's death.

In 1779 Dr. John Ewing succeeded Dr. Smith as provost of the Philadelphia College. Dr. Ewing was born June 22nd, 1732, in Maryland, near the Pennsylvania line, and died in September, 1802, in his 71st year. In 1809 a collection of his philosophical writings was published in an octavo volume, entitled "A Plain Elementary and Practical System of Natural Philosophy, including Astronomy and Chronology."

David Rittenhouse, the astronomer, was one of the luminaries of this period. He was born in 1732, at Germantown, in the county of Philadelphia, and was the son of a respectable farmer. He was chosen vice-provost and professor of astronomy at the time that the name of the old college of Philadelphia was changed for the sounding title of the University of Pennsylvania, and died in June, 1796. The events of his life have been recorded by William Barton, late of Lancaster, in a work which throws much light upon the political and literary history of Pennsylvania. He published an oration, delivered before the Philosophical Society in 1775, the subject of which is the history of astronomy, and a few memoirs on mathematical and astronomical subjects, in the first four volumes of the transactions of that society. Dr. Rittenhouse translated the tragedy of *Lucy Samson*, from the German of Lessing, in 1789, which was printed the same year. He was excessively fond of perusing works of fancy.

R. P. S.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

"Murther's a moral virtue with these lovers,
A special piece of divinity, I take it."

Beaumont and Fletcher.

THERE is a little village, somewhere in the neighbourhood of one of our large cities, which the traveller has often remarked, for its lonely and quaker-like beauty. Situated upon a scarcely perceptible undulation of land, and in a part of the country where the very sameness of lowlands adds a feature of beauty to the scene, R—— is indeed a lovely place. The river, too, when it reaches the village, instead of winding along, narrow and insignificant, suddenly stretches out into a

lake-like expanse, without an island to mar the simplicity of the prospect. Perhaps its shores have not sufficient variety for a fastidious taste: still, they are in unison with the unobtrusive scenery around. All is chaste and quiet, neither rising into the sublime, nor sinking into the tame and monotonous. The situation of the town is not its only charm. There are the clean, tidy streets, where the rosy-faced children frolic through the live-long summer's day; the patriarchal appearance of the houses; and the general look of comfort, that pervades all. These are remembered by the wayfarer, long after the busy aspect, the tall piles, and the crowded avenues of a city are forgotten.

If R—— is lovely now, it was lovelier when I was a boy, and under the care of its venerable pastor. Every thing then was beautiful, and particularly my reverend tutor's only child. I wish that I could do justice to Martha's picture, for the coloring on my memory is yet as warm and fresh, as if it had been laid on but yesterday. She was then just budding into womanhood; of a form, wonderfully faulty in size, but exquisitely proportioned, and so much like a sylph or a personification of Titania, that one would have sworn she was Shakspeare's own fairy; and with a face, sometimes lit up with a universal glow, at others, left unaccountably pale, but, in both extremes, eminently bewitching. She was fitted to captivate all.

Martha was beautiful, and amiable of course. She realized Æsop's moral of physical and ideal beauty; and it could not be expected, that she would pass through life without many suitors, and one who would woo and win her. But R——, at that time, was rather deficient in beaux, as the many luckless spinsters it now contains can evidence; however, such as these were, they showed their taste, by falling successively in love with Martha. As the maiden was so common-place as to look beyond estate and person, before she made a selection, it was wonderful to see how they brooked a civil refusal. One married his second cousin; another led the blooming Miss Muggins, the fat Sheriff's fat daughter, to the altar; a third took a rib in the city; and a fourth, after drinking the waters of Saratoga, for his health, returned home with a fair moiety, taken, through speculation, from that matrimonial market.

No one had the courage to put an end to his misery and his life, at once, although the river was convenient, ropes were abundant, and an apothecary displayed his blue and red glasses at a bow-window, not far from the parsonage. I was a boy then, but, young as I was, I had picked up some odd ends of observation; and, notwithstanding the good-natured care of my tutor, was deeply read in the well-fingered duodecimos of a neighboring circulating library. The behaviour of Martha's suitors consequently staggered me in the creed I had formed to myself, from the above authentic tomes, and I was about concluding that all love had fled the earth, when I fell in love myself.

About the period that Martha entered her nineteenth year, a little increased in stature, and I my fourteenth, Mrs. Lewson, the widow of an army officer, came to reside at the village, bringing with her her youngest son, whom she placed under the care of the pastor. Richard Lewson, a stout, active, fiery lad, as handsome in exterior, as he was noble in character, took much notice of me, although four years my senior. Gradually, as I detached myself from the company of the other scholars,—five in number, whom I fancied too young to associate with, though three were of my age, and the remainder somewhat older—we became stanch friends. We hunted, fished, played, and studied together. What Lewson lacked in the closet, I was ready to supply, as he was rather backward at his books. He did me the same favor in the field, and so accounts were balanced. It must be confessed that Richard visited the parsonage, where I resided, much oftener than I did his mother's house. Indeed, for that matter, when we had flung aside our books in the school-room, he was the first to propose a visit to the garden, or, when the weather would not permit, a game of draughts in the little back parlour, where Martha generally sat with her paints or work.

Earthly things do not last forever, and as friendship is the growth of earth, in spite of the fine things that poets say about it, it cannot be expected that mine and Lewson's would continue unbroken. Indeed, I grew cool to my Damon, as I found him more attentive to Martha; and, as I was desperately in love with her myself, at length became downright jealous. Richard was still the same kind-hearted being towards me, in

spite of the airs I assumed, and Martha was as gentle and as affectionate as ever.

Things passed on in this manner for a year. I was too bashful to declare my passion, and my most indefatigable jealousy could not discover whether any explanation had taken place between Lewson and Martha. There appeared to be, however, a certain wicked understanding between them, which made me think of daggers, ratsbane, and what not, whenever I looked at my rival.

At the end of the time just mentioned, I was prepared for college. Lewson, who, with his father's blood, inherited his warlike propensities, wished to follow the profession of arms, as war was on the point of being declared. It was much against his mother's wishes, for she represented, with tears in her eyes, the lone and cheerless lot that would await her in his absence. He combatted all her reasoning, with the hot-headed arguments of youth, and soon gained his point, for a fond old parent will make any sacrifice to please an importunate child. He was commissioned in the navy, and ordered to join the ——, at New York, without delay, as she was to sail upon some expedition.

We were both to leave the village on the same day, and the evening previous, after bidding adieu to some of my friends in the vicinity, I hurried back to the parsonage. My first thought was Martha, and I accordingly sought her in the parlour, but she was not there. Neither was she to be found in the study. Possessed with many misgivings about what I intended, I hastened to her usual place of resort, a little arbor, at the foot of the garden. The spot and the hour were both fitted for a lover to breathe his story in. The sky was lit up in one rosy sunset glow, and the air loaded with the balmy breezes of summer. No envious ray of the sinking sun could pierce the thick umbrage of grape-vine about the arbor; and the odour of sweet-brier and honey-suckle appeared to gush through every little hole and corner, like a spring of fresh water from the ground. As I was about congratulating myself on finding Martha alone, and rehearsing some love-speech in my mind, a sound of voices arrested my steps. As jealousy is a very impolite monster, I crept softly up to the arbor, and, cautiously thrusting aside the leaves, was thunder-struck at seeing Martha seated on a turf seat, with Richard reclining at her feet.

"Indeed it is very foolish in you," were the first words that I could hear, uttered in tones which always caused the pulses of my heart to leap,—"very foolish to think that this can afford any protection."

"What can she mean?" thought I, as I saw Martha busily engaged in knotting some ribands together.

"There, it is finished," she continued, handing the knot to Lewson, "and how long will you keep it?"

"How long?" cried Richard, seizing the hand which held the ribands towards him, "Forever!—It shall be a talisman to me, a safe-guard in the hour of danger!—Oh Martha! this is the last time we meet—perhaps for years. May I not cherish the hope that you will think of me sometimes? That you—you will, you must"—

"So I have found you at last!" cried I, as I burst in upon them, in no small hurry. "Tea is ready; Dick, your mother is in the house, and the table waits."

Martha blushed, and Lewson hastily concealed the ribands in his bosom, at the same time angrily regarding me. Anger, however, with him, was a momentary emotion, although he was compounded of passions, some of which lasted a life-time.

After passing the evening at the parsonage, Mrs. Lewson arose to go. It was a moment in which some of us were to part, in all probability, forever. This thought rendered our separation more than usually solemn. The divine took the moment in which our hearts were softened, to read us a lecture on our respective duties. He spoke to Lewson and myself on the responsibility of our situations; of the many kind friends interested in our welfare, and who would necessarily partake in our joy or our sorrow. We listened with subdued attention, whatever might have been our thoughts. When he concluded, Martha presented her cheek to Richard, who, after a few inarticulate words, departed with his mother. The doctor took his lamp, and retired, leaving his daughter and myself, alone together. Both sat silent for some time, but at length, I mustered up courage, and drawing my chair close to where Martha sat, said, in a kind of whine, which was intended to be very pretty, and lover-like, "Martha, I'm going away to-morrow."

"Well, what then?" asked the maiden, abstractedly.

"What then?" I cried, with astonishment, and continued, sinking into my first tone, "why, I'm in—in love."

It is an established fact that curiosity, in the female breast, is paramount to every other consideration. Of this, there are multitudes of instances on record. Pandora would peep into the fatal casket: Juno was nigh losing her seat in heaven, for keeping too close a watch over her husband's amours: Pallas frequented market-places, in spite of repeated counsel: Diana was always peering into every nook and corner of the woods, for which she sometimes paid dearly. In fine, examples might be deduced, without end.—It is then no wonder that what I said, should have aroused Martha completely.

"Who with?" she demanded, turning to me with an encouraging smile, while her eyes sparkled, in expectation of what I should say.

"Y— y— you!" And my secret of years burst forth at last.

Martha did not look alarmed, nor blush, nor even smile, but she laughed outright, and, rising from her chair, (it is a ridiculous fact,) she kissed me, saying, "go to bed, Andrew, that's a good boy!" and I went to bed.

In a few days I was comfortably settled in college; my foolish passion was forgotten, or only remembered with blended feelings of mirth and shame. Lewson was out on the broad ocean, and in courting his new mistress, had probably thrown away the memory of his first-love.

Some years rolled over my head, before I could visit the village of R—— again. However, one warm sunny autumn day, after a ride of a few hours, I alighted at the Eagle inn, and, without questioning any one, I darted down the quiet street that led to the parsonage. On my way, I passed Mrs. Lewson's house, and a negro, who stood in the door, immediately recognised me, notwithstanding the addition of some inches to my stature, with other metamorphoses exteriorly.

"Ha! Massa Ander," he said, holding out his hand with the freedom of an old acquaintance, "guess you don't know old Sam, who haul you out o' the river?"

"Why Samuel, my old friend, I remember you well, but I have no time to stay now; I am going to the parsonage, and will stop as I return."

"H'im," said the black, showing his white teeth, and beck-

oning me to return, "nobody at home there: all gone to church."

"To church?" exclaimed I, "why what are they doing?—this is not Sunday!"—

"Miss Patty's a-gitting married."

"Married?—To whom?"—

"The captain."

"What captain?"

"Missus' son; they are all gitting married."

"So," thought I, with something of regret—for the memory of my childish love rose up before me, with all the green promises which were afterwards indulged in, notwithstanding my better judgment,—so, Dick has won her at last!—Well, may he be happy; and he will be so, if happiness is in the compass of all that is good, innocent and lovely."

"H'im," said the negro, interrupting my meditations, and losing his chuckling air, "wont you walk in, and see todder captain?"—I assented, because I had never seen Mrs. Lewson's eldest son, although I had heard much concerning him. There was another feeling at the bottom. I wished to witness the return of the bride, and, after taking one long look at her, to go away, like a novel hero, forever, when he finds that the grapes he has longed for, are sour.

"H'im," said the negro, in a low voice, and treading softly, as he ushered me into the parlour, "massa Richard, here's massa Ander."—

"Who?" cried I, recoiling from the object that met my eyes, "good God! Dick Lewson, is it you?"

Before me, on a chair, supported by pillows, reclined Richard, so much altered by sickness, that I looked in vain for the warm and rounded features, which were yet vividly impressed on my memory. His form was worn away, almost to a skeleton. The bones of his cheeks and brow projected so fearfully, that the eyes were almost lost in their sockets. What could be seen of them was dim and without animation, surrounded by purple rings, the effect of which was rendered more frightful, by the ghastly paleness of his face. As he held his wasted hand feebly towards me, a faint smile lit up his hitherto expressionless features.

"My dear Andrew," said he, in a low tone, "you are wel-

come. Sit down. How have you been? But I need not ask; you are well; and all with you must be well. You find me a little changed from what I was when we parted last."

"My dear friend," said I, dropping into a chair beside him, not knowing what to speak, in the confusion of the moment, "I concluded, from what the negro said, that you—but no matter—how long have you been ill?"

"I know what you would have said," returned he, "but 'twas the black's mistake. He probably thought that you were acquainted with my brother Nathan's return, his courtship, and his marriage. Some weeks since I came home on the sick-list. I found Nat here, and engaged to our old friend Martha. He had pushed his suit like all military men, in great haste, and was successful. As his furlough was soon to expire, he wished to be married, but my good mother and Martha thought best to defer the ceremony till my recovery. I saw that poor Nat was dying of love, so, with what little influence I possessed, I sent them to church this morning. The party will soon be here."

Lewson spoke at intervals; sometimes as if completely exhausted. But there was something in his manner, that ill accorded with his words. His lips would quiver, although no emotion was betrayed in his speech. His eyes also would close, now and then, involuntarily, as if the world had nothing further worthy of being looked upon. It was evident that something was weighing heavily on his heart, and what it was required no great stretch of thought to divine. I was acquainted with his fiery nature, and with a part of his love. The arbor-scene then came knocking at my heart, and I would have given worlds to have recalled the interruption that I had thrown in the way of his suit. My silly action had probably entailed upon him all his subsequent misery.

After a short conversation, we heard a sound of carriages, a bustle at the door, and a tramp of feet on the stair-case.

"They are coming!" exclaimed Lewson, with an energy that started the blood to his face, and in a moment the door opened. The wedding-party entered, with subdued steps and voices, in compassion of Richard's situation.

I soon singled out my old flame, as blooming as ever, as she leaned on the arm of a fine, military looking man, and was on

the point of making myself known, when an exclamation from Mrs. Lewson interrupted me. I turned round, and found that Richard had risen from his chair, and was standing unsupported.

"I would speak with her," he said.

"With whom?" asked his mother, anxiously, as she took his arm.

"With my sister," he replied, waving her aside. "Mother, good mother, I can bear any thing now."

Martha relinquished her husband's arm, and said, as she walked up to the invalid, "What would you, my dear brother?"

He made an effort to speak; his lips moved, but no words came forth. Sinking into his chair, he said, with a feeble voice, "nothing."

The bride tenderly arranged his pillows, and rejoined her husband. I was then recognised by my friends, and heartily welcomed. But in the midst of our mutual civilities, we were alarmed by a scream from Mrs. Lewson.

"My son!" she cried, "my boy! my dear boy!"

All ran immediately to Richard. He was sitting in his chair, with his head resting in the posture it had taken when he last looked on Martha. One hand reclined upon an arm of the seat, while the other had fallen at his side, on the pillows. His eyes were partially unclosed; but their animation was gone: his lips were white and separated: large sweat-drops had gushed from his forehead, and one or two of them had found a channel to his cheek: his face was not distorted, but its former paleness was changed to a dull and cadaverous color. We raised him, but it was apparent to all that he was—dead!

Grief was too deep to admit of words or sobs. There was a solemn pause,—a frightful pause, rendered more so by the pale faces around, and the unnatural glancing of bridal attire. At length rose the voice of the pastor, in clear, though tremulous tones: "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

D.

NATIVE HOME.

"———— Such feelings as, all undefined,
Come with the flow of waters to the soul,
Or with the motions of the moonlight sky."

SOUTHEY.

The voice of my native rills,
And the rush of the rapid mountain streams
Bring a feeling with them like childhood's dreams—
A feeling that o'er me thrills,
With thoughts of a sunny and far-off home,
In whose scenes of beauty I seldom roam.

The waves of my own swift river,
As they chafe with the rocks that impede their course,
And still roll on, with a lion's force,
As tho' they would flow for ever,
Have more of melody to my ear,
Than the sweetest music that charms me here.

There's a quietude in their voices,
Like the lullaby sung o'er the babe at night,—
And methinks that I feel my spirit more light,
And my innermost soul rejoices,
With a feeling that words can never express,
When I tread by night 'mid their loneliness.

And the glory of moonlight skies,
When the stars are few, and the winds are still,
And a hush is spread o'er the laurel-crowned hill,
That in silvery slumber lies—
Oh! that moonlight glory to me is sweet,
When the friends I love in those wilds I meet.

By the side of the rushing stream,
When the mountain scenes of my home are by,
I feel a sense of tranquillity,
A blissful waking dream—
And almost forget how my soul has been crossed,
Till its freshness of feeling is well nigh lost.

O! land of my childhood hours,
How fondly my spirit yet turns to thee—
For on thy green hills I once wandered free
From those dark and o'erwhelming powers,
That since have clouded my heart's bright day,
And taken the freedom of youth away.

I remember the river's roar,
When I roved on its rock-covered banks at night—
I remember the glorious clear moonlight—
Oh! I then had wings to soar—
I would that the world had but left them as free
As they were in my boyhood's liberty.

C. W. T.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE OUTLAW OF SLIMISH.

A TALE OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

Love roused ambition in his daring soul,
Which drove him on to treason and to crime;
The passion, reckless and beyond control,
Was in its course terrific but sublime.

Ulster Bard.

AFTER the overthrow of the United Irish insurrection, in the year 1798, a number of the most daring and intractable of the insurgents, disdaining submission to their conquerors, betook themselves to lurking places from which they continued, for many months, to wage an irregular but destructive warfare on the friends of the government.

In the north of Ireland, the most noted rendezvous of these desperate men, was the mountain of Slimish, situated in the parish of Braid, near the centre of the county of Antrim. This is a mountain of a remarkable appearance, peculiarly adapted to strike the imagination of the admirers of the grand and massive in nature. It is one of the highest in the island; and its height is the more imposing, on account of its being detached from every other elevation of land. There are no hills of any consequence within several miles of it; and those which are seen at a distance, are of such inferior magnitude, that the gigantic Slimish, from the midst of the cultivated and rich valley, in which it stands, seems to look down on them with contempt.

A refractory remnant of the northern insurgents made choice of the rocks and ravines of this mountain, for their retreat, for several reasons. Its isolated situation enabled them to discover the approach of an enemy, from every direction; while, from its rocky and clifted summits, where they had made their

abodes, and which were almost as inaccessible as eagles' eyries, they could hurl showers of stones and other missiles, upon any foe who should venture to approach them. But their chief inducement for making this their place of refuge, was the friendly disposition of the inhabitants of the surrounding valley, to their cause. Indeed, the nearest relatives of several of the fugitives resided in that valley. Hence they feared no want of any of the necessaries of life, nor of timely information of the approach of an enemy. Orr of Ballycarry, a rustic poet of considerable talent, who wrote many of the insurrectionary songs of those times, and who was, himself, for some time, one of the Slimish fugitives, describes their situation, in the following stanzas of a song, to this day popular in the county of Antrim.

"That summer when tyrants had humbled our standard,
They made us as poor as e'er poor men were made,
From mountain to mountain we starvingly wander'd,
And slept every night in a cold chilly shade.
Till fortune at length drove our footsteps to Slimish,
Whose height makes the down-looker dizzy and squeamish;
Oh! then we no longer were suffer'd to famish,
For there we found friends in the land of the Braid.

"That the men of the Braid are a false-hearted number,
Untrue to their cause, it is lyingly said;
For 'midst all the terror and blood of that summer,
To receive us in hundreds they were not afraid.
Oh! to them we were welcome as Jacob to Laban,
And received every day daily bread from their cabin;
Then may the west wind blow him over the Gabbon,
Who says he could find three bad men in the Braid."

The leader of these fugitives, at least the most enterprising and celebrated of them, was Thomas Archer. Well do I remember the impression of wonder, mingled with terror, which the relations of this man's actions made on my young mind. I was then about twelve years of age, and resided not far from the scene of his achievements. I looked upon his escapes from his pursuers as almost superhuman; and could not avoid resembling them to those which delivered the persecuted and heroic David from the vengeful power of Saul: for, at that

period, my historical reading had extended very little farther than to the narrative parts of the Bible.

Archer was a man about the middle size, with a countenance, if not handsome, yet far from being homely. Its chief characteristic was a keen and an eager expression of the eye, which not only indicated strong, and rarely controlled passions, but promptitude at detecting treachery, and an untiring vigilance in guarding against danger. His bodily strength was much greater than his size indicated; but the faculty in which he excelled all competitors, was fleetness; in which he was acknowledged to be a perfect Asahel. He was also so remarkable for accuracy of aim, that the discharge of the light fusee with which he was always armed, never failed to carry destruction to its object.

Forming an armed band of hardy and daring men, whom proscription had rendered desperate, and who were in possession of unknown or inaccessible strongholds, from which they could be neither forced nor starved—for independently of the supplies obtained from the good will of the people of the valley, the fugitives could obtain subsistence for a long time, from the goats, the rabbits, and the wild fowl, with which their mountainous garrison abounded—it is not surprising that Archer and his confederates carried their attacks on their enemies to the verge of temerity, and rendered their seizure and destruction an object of solicitude to all who wished for the restoration of peace and order in the country. The efforts of the government became strongly directed to this object. A proclamation, offering a large reward for the seizure of Archer, whether dead or alive, and a smaller one for the capture of any of his followers, was issued. Military parties were kept in constant motion, scouring the country in the neighborhood of Slimish. Frequent attempts were even made to ascend the mountain, in order to clear it of its formidable inhabitants. But these attempts were attended with such uniform destruction to the assailants, from the torrent of missiles, sent down upon them, by its defenders, who were better acquainted than their enemies, with every pass by which their garrison could be approached, that the latter, in a short time, became as much afraid to advance to the foot of the mountain, as the Roman soldiers, after having experienced the destructive effects of

Archimedes's machines, were to approach the walls of Syracuse.

In this posture of affairs, the fugitives, but for their temerity, might long have defied the forces sent against them; and, had it not been for the obstinate hatred of some of them to the government, it is probable that they might have obtained terms of submission, by which all their lives might have been spared, on condition of their going into perpetual banishment. Such terms were, indeed, at this time afforded to many of the proscribed United Irishmen; the executive, under lord Cornwallis, being anxious to restore tranquillity to the country as speedily, and with as little bloodshed, as possible.

But of submission, a man of Archer's determined character could not think. Besides, he expected, by persevering in his course, to effect the accomplishment of an object, which he considered of much more importance than the preservation of his life. What this was, will appear from the narrative.

Archer was a man as strong in his passions as he was unchanging in his purposes. At this time, he was about twenty-four years of age; and had for the last two years loved, with all the intensity natural to his character, a beautiful female, who resided a few miles distant from the scene of his present activity.

The name of this lady was Charlotte Gordon. Her father, who had been a respectable merchant in Belfast, died about three years before the rebellion. At his death, his widow retired, with her daughter, who was her only child, and then about seventeen years of age, to the residence of an elderly unmarried brother, near Ballymena, and had resided with him ever since. This gentleman's name was Irvine. He was a stanch loyalist, and a magistrate; and had displayed so much zeal in opposing the United Irishmen, both before and after the insurrection, that, had it not been for the influence of Archer, who, on account of his niece, wished to do him a kindness, he would have been sacrificed to their vengeance. On a certain occasion, indeed, Archer had to exert something more than mere influence, in protecting him. One dark night Mr. Irvine was assailed, in a lonely road, by two men, who dragged him from his horse, into a thick grove, where it is

probable they would have murdered him, but for the timely interference of Archer, who, suspecting their design, had watched their motions, and rushed after them, into the grove. On hearing his approach, the assailants fled, and left Mr. Irvine uninjured. The darkness prevented this gentleman from recognising them, and Archer did not choose to acknowledge that he knew them. It is natural to suppose that Mr. Irvine felt grateful for his rescue. He invited Archer to accompany him to his house, which was about a mile distant. His safety, indeed, seemed to require that his deliverer should not leave him, until he reached home, lest his enemies, who might still be on the watch for him, should renew their attack.

For some time previously to this incident, Archer had been no favorite with Mr. Irvine. His political principles were well known to him, and he strongly suspected his connexion with the United Irishmen. Archer's pretensions to his niece, also met with his entire disapprobation, on account of the inferiority of his station in life, and his want of fortune. Archer's boldness, in making suit to this lady, can only be accounted for by that hardy forwardness, which was peculiar to his character. He, no doubt, considered the circumstances of his first introduction to her, as affording a claim on her regard, fully sufficient to counterbalance his inferiority in family and fortune. The circumstances were these.

Miss Gordon, although but a timid equestrian, had accompanied her uncle on horseback, on an excursion for a few miles, to visit a friend. They were riding slowly along, when a pack of hounds suddenly crossed the road before them, raising, at the same time, the loud cry, which expresses the recovery of the *scent*, which had been lost. The horse on which Miss Gordon rode, was a veteran hunter. This well-known cry animated him for the chase; he sprang forward, and, before she was aware, leaped over a low hedge, after the hounds, and threw her out of the saddle. She must have fallen from her seat, and been seriously injured, but for the timely interposition of a man, who, with incredible swiftness, had followed the horse over the hedge, and caught her in his arms. This man was Archer, who had thus performed an exploit which must have been impracticable for any one, of less extraordinary agility.

The lady, although much frightened, escaped entirely unhurt. She warmly expressed her gratitude to Archer. He was enchanted. Miss Gordon was, indeed, a lovely girl; and, in her deliverer's view, her loveliness was perfection itself. In the romantic excitement of the moment, he imagined that Providence had destined her to be his, and had thus thrown her in his way, in order to give him a claim on her affections. These aspiring feelings, however, might have been but momentary. It is probable that, at the very first return of cool reflection, they would have been stifled, without much trouble, had it not been for the occurrence of another circumstance. The lady, being too much frightened to venture again on horseback, resolved to perform the remainder of the journey on foot. Archer gallantly offered his arm to support her, which she, without reluctance, accepted. Her uncle acquiesced in the arrangement, and having despatched some men in pursuit of the runaway horse, rode on before them.

What young man of Archer's temperament, under such circumstances, could have resisted the emotions of an aspiring passion for the lovely being that so confidingly leaned on him for support; and who, under the influence of heartfelt gratitude, familiarly indulged him in the enjoyment of an easy and unrestrained conversation? Archer did not attempt to resist these emotions. They were sweet and rapturous; and he, without reflection, yielded to their influence, until they gained an ascendency over him, which gave direction to the whole tenor of his future life. Nor were the hopes, inspired by this passion, so apparently irrational, as to afford its growth no encouragement. What was there so very wonderful in a young and ardent lover gaining the affections of a lady, whom he had snatched from apparent destruction, even if she should be his superior in rank and fortune, especially when that lady was, like Miss Gordon, young, artless, and affable? There was certainly nothing either wonderful or of rare occurrence, in such a result; and as "faint heart never gained fair lady," Archer determined to yield to no faint-heartedness on the occasion. Indeed, faint-heartedness, on any occasion, was a feeling to which he was a stranger. It may also have been, that he suspected the kindness of her manner, during this day's interview, to proceed from a feeling, not altogether unpro-

pitious to his hopes. Before parting, he received from her a hearty invitation to visit Cranmore, the name of her uncle's residence; and, on bidding him farewell, her bright eyes shone on him with an expression of good will, that carried joy to his heart, and thoroughly persuaded him that he must have excited some sensation in her's, warmer than mere gratitude.

Archer, it may be supposed, did not permit many days to elapse, before he paid the visit to which he had been so flatteringly invited. He was received with all the cordiality which gratitude could dictate. He soon repeated his visit, and in a short time, became so constant a visiter, that several sagacious people, taking into consideration the distance of more than three miles, which separated his dwelling from that of Mr. Irvine, began to surmise, that some inducement, of a stronger nature than mere friendship, must influence his conduct. "Could it be the young lady from Belfast, with a fortune of five or six thousand pounds, that attracted him so often across the country?—He was but the son of a poor man, and had little else than his labor to depend on, and could not surely be so vain as to look so high." "But, after all," some good natured folks would say, "Tom is not an unlikely fellow; and if the young lady herself has no objection, it is nobody's business to interfere;—and he will deserve credit, if he can carry her off from all the gay gentlemen that are dying for her."

Archer knew that these conjectures were afloat; but, provided they did not annoy Miss Gordon, he was not of a temper to regard them.

Affairs continued in this posture for several months. The conjectures of her neighbors had either not been communicated to Miss Gordon, or, if they had, it was in such a manner, as to be deemed unworthy of her attention, especially as Archer, with all his hardihood and assurance, had never yet mustered sufficient courage to declare to her the state of his feelings. She was not, indeed, so unskilled in the indications of a concealed passion, nor so unobservant of his manner and language, as to be without strong suspicions of the truth, even if the general whisper of it had not reached her ears. On his part, he was shrewd enough to perceive, that she suspected the state of his feelings, and it was a matter of much self-congratulation

for him to find that she, notwithstanding, continued to treat him with her usual kindness.

"What can this conduct proceed from," thought he, "if she does not wish to encourage the growth of that passion, which she has evidently discovered to exist? Can her forbearance to resent my presumption, proceed only from politeness towards a man, with whom she has, as yet, no open cause for disagreement? Or, can it be gratitude, that renders her reluctant to hurt the feelings of one who has rendered her a service, and is so plainly devoted to her?—I ought to be explicit with her, and learn, at once, the ground on which I am to stand. But her disdain—perhaps a dismissal from her society, might follow an avowal of my love; and how could I endure these! Rather would I encounter an armed host, sword in hand, than subject myself to the displeasure of that beautiful and fascinating being. But this is unmanly—it is shameful cowardice. By Heavens! I will shake it off, and ascertain whether I may hope for happiness or misery!"

Agreeably to this resolution, he embraced the first opportunity that occurred, to declare himself.

"Miss Gordon," said he, "I believe that my visits here have, of late, become too frequent, not to be troublesome."

"What induces you to think so?" said she—"has any of our family given you dissatisfaction?"

"No, but I imagine your good nature, rather than your good wishes, may occasion you to tolerate me. Alas! I fear, if the true cause of my being so troublesome were only suspected, I should be no longer a welcome visiter here."

"That cause, none of us, I believe, have ever thought of inquiring into," she replied. "We shall always treat those who have laid us under obligations, with civility; and when a friend chooses to become a guest, we shall not be so rude as to ask the reason."

"Alas! Miss Gordon," said he, "I fear that an explanation of the motives of my visits, will occasion my banishment from your presence. But explain them, I feel, I must. I can bear concealment no longer. It is you that attract me here. It is only where you are, that I can be happy. I love you—from the moment that I caught you in my arms, when falling from the headstrong hunter, I have loved you, with an ardent,

but a respectful and timid devotion, which, although I fervently longed to declare, until this moment I dared not manifest such presumption. I know how unworthy I am of ——"

"Mr. Archer," said she, "this is language I must interrupt. Whether you be worthy or unworthy to address me in this style, need not be discussed; for it is a style to which I must not listen. I wish you well, and therefore advise you to suppress all thoughts of this nature respecting me.—Nay, more; since you have been so explicit, I shall also be explicit, and must suggest, that if your visits here tend to keep alive the feeling you mention, it will be proper that they be less frequently paid, if not altogether discontinued.—I must now bid you good morning!"

"Stay, stay one moment, Miss Gordon! Do not leave me in displeasure!"

"Nay, do not detain me!—My uncle's servants are within hearing."

"Only say that you forgive me, and I shall depart."

"Forgive you! Mr. Archer.—Yes, surely—but be cautious to offend no more in this way. Let your next love-fit be more discreet. The handsome daughter of some decent farmer will be more likely to return it. Farewell!"

So saying, she left poor Archer, in a state of agitated and mortified feeling, not easily to be imagined. He left the place of their interview, and hurried homewards, with the wildness of a maniac, and, for some distance, with the speed of an arrow. Whether this violent exertion of body tended to allay the ferment of his mind, is uncertain; but it expedited his arrival at a small Shabeen house, in a secluded situation, on a by-road. He rushed into this habitation of ruin, and not unfrequently of riot; and, under pretence of sickness, took possession of the only private bed chamber it contained. He ordered a noggin of whiskey to be brought to him; he then fastened the door against intrusion, and resigned himself, for several hours, to all the fury of the tempest of contending passions that raged within him.

Mortified pride and disappointed love contended for the mastery in his bosom. He ascribed his rejection altogether to his want of wealth; and cursed his fate, for having been born the son of a peasant.—What course should he now pursue?

Cruelly extinguished as all his hopes of earthly happiness seemed to be, would it be worth his while to endure life, or rather would he have the power of enduring it, all miserable as he was now become? "Yes," thought he, with a start of energy, "I will endure misery; there will be some merit in that. If unendowed by fortune, I shall prove that I at least possess fortitude.—And who knows what may happen, in the course of human affairs!"—A sudden idea seemed to seize him. He started to his feet, placed his hand on his forehead, as if to seize the idea in his grasp, and bring it more distinctly into view; and rapidly pacing the small extent of his chamber, with a half-muttered laugh, he ejaculated, "It shall be so! I shall yet possess both wealth and distinction, or I shall die! I shall yet command respect from that haughty girl, although I am but the child of a peasant! A conspiracy is spreading throughout the land. I will join it. I will be zealous. I will take a lead. I shall obtain distinction. Equality, as well as liberty, is my object; and when the despised peasantry shall rise in their armed strength, the proud minions of fortune shall be glad to compound for their safety, by a division of their wealth and power."

With the formation of this resolution, the agitation of his mind began to subside. He drank off the liquor, that had hitherto remained untouched, on a table before him, and then threw himself on the bed, to mature the plans of ambition, which he had just conceived.

Fatigue and exhaustion having succeeded the excitement that he had undergone, he fell into a slumber, and dreamed that the United Irishmen had raised the standard of liberty and equality, all over the country. He thought that he was appointed to command a body of ten thousand men, who marched to seize on the town of Belfast. Near the entrance of the town, he found an army of the government stationed. He attacked, and after a long and bloody battle defeated it, took its commander prisoner, and soon afterwards, compelled the garrison of the town to capitulate. Mr. Irvine and his household, including Miss Gordon, had taken refuge in the town. He soon discovered their retreat, and saved them from the violence of a number of infuriated insurgents, who had assailed them. Triumphant as he now was, at the head of ten thou-

sand victorious troops, he was proud to show the magnanimity and sincerity of his love, by throwing himself, and all his trophies, at the feet of his beautiful mistress. He solicited her to become the partner of his prosperity. She no longer refused; and her mother and uncle consented to their union. The next day was to witness the ceremony that should make him the happiest of men. That evening, another army of royal troops approached the town. In full anticipation of another victory, he drew out his forces, and hastened to encounter it. But just as he heard the first discharge of the enemy's cannon, he awoke, and all his grandeur fled to the shades!

He was half angry at the wrinkled old crone—the owner of the Shabeen house—whose loud rapping at his chamber door, had thus put all his greatness to flight, and prevented the realization of his happiness. A moment's reflection, however, reminded him of the absurdity of his ill humor. He arose, and tranquilly opened the door. The old woman whispered to him that the members of a weekly club, which held its sittings in the apartment he occupied, were about assembling, and would want possession of it. He resigned it, without hesitation, being now, as he said, relieved of his sickness.

Having to pass through the front apartment, in order to leave the house, he perceived, among the members of the club, who were assembled there, two or three of his acquaintances, whom he had good grounds for believing to be United Irishmen. This was a favorable omen. Here, he believed, was to commence that career, which was to raise him to fortune, power, and happiness. He hesitated not. He took one of his friends aside, and, in a few words, expressed his willingness to join the confederacy. In the course of the evening, he was admitted a member of the Society of United Irishmen, and took the oath of fidelity to their cause.

Having thus laid, what he considered the first step of those stairs, by which he was to ascend to the regions of love and glory, he determined not to relax in his efforts to complete the fabric. As he, in reality, excelled the most of his confederates in talents, so he soon outstripped them all in zeal. The cause of liberty and equality did not receive a more determined and efficient recruit, throughout the whole province of Ulster, even at the time when that province counted upwards of a

hundred thousand of her sons in its ranks. He consequently soon rose to distinction in the society, and, on its being organized as an armed force, received the commission of a colonel.

It was about six months after his initiation into this confederacy, that he so opportunely interfered to save Mr. Irvine from assassination, as has been already stated. He had not visited this gentleman's house, from the time of his repulse by Miss Gordon, until he was introduced as her uncle's deliverer. As he approached the dwelling of her, who still reigned the unrivalled mistress of his affections, his heart beat violently; he hesitated to enter; and he, whom no species of personal danger could intimidate, shrunk at the thoughts of meeting with her, whose presence formed, to him, the very atmosphere of bliss.

Mr. Irvine perceived his trepidation, and was at no loss to conjecture the cause. Indeed, busy rumor, which had not escaped the old gentleman's ears, very soon after Archer ceased to frequent Cranmore house, circulated reasons for his conduct, not far remote from the truth.

"Come, come, Mr. Archer," said the magistrate, "cheer up your spirits. You are surely too much of a man to tremble at the idea of meeting with a handsome young woman, although you may have had some slight matter of disagreement with her."

"For Heaven's sake," returned Archer, "since you seem to be acquainted with my weakness, tell me, whether my presence will not excite her displeasure?"

"Assuredly it will not, especially after this night's transaction," said Mr. Irvine, "provided you do not foolishly remind her of what, I hope, is by this time forgotten by you both."

"Undoubtedly I shall not obtrude my feelings on her, at this time," replied Archer. "But I fear, that it is impossible for me ever either to forget or to relinquish them."

Mr. Irvine, not having much relish for the subject, merely observed, "you think so now, for you are but a young man. As you grow older, you will doubtless grow wiser."

They entered, and Archer met the dreaded fair-one, with more firmness and self-possession than he expected. Her

natural affability and ease removed, at once, the tremor of his feelings. On learning the service he had just rendered her uncle, for whom she felt a sincere affection, she warmly expressed her grateful sense of this second obligation, under which he had laid their family. Her kindness, perhaps, flowed the more readily towards him, on this occasion, because she believed that the passion which he had professed for her, and which she was resolved, on no account, to encourage, must, in the lapse of the many months he had absented himself from her presence, have greatly cooled, if it were not altogether extinguished. Still, she thought it prudent, lest any remains of this passion should exist, to guard the expression of her kindness, so as to afford him no ground of hope, by which it might be cherished.

Archer, however, was, on the whole, much pleased with the occurrences of this night, which had once more opened to him the doors of that house, where dwelt the lady of his love. His visits there, were, indeed, less frequent than formerly. The affairs of the United Irishmen were drawing rapidly to a crisis. The friends of the government, in daily expectation of the bursting forth of a formidable rebellion, were naturally much alarmed, and exerted all their activity, in detecting and apprehending the ringleaders of the conspiracy, whenever they could obtain information against them. The zeal of Archer caused him to be marked; and it was altogether owing to Mr. Irvine's management that he did not experience the fate of many others, who, at that time, became inmates of the jails. He, on the other hand, acted as the guardian of his friend, from the fury of the incensed conspirators, frequently by his vigilance and influence, frustrating their schemes for his destruction. It seemed as if a mutual compact for each other's protection, during those times of danger and death, had taken place, which was strengthened, no doubt, by the conviction that the safety of the one was necessary for that of the other.

The June of 1798, which will be long memorable in Ulster, at length came. The rebellion broke out, and covered one of the fairest portions of the inhabited earth with havoc and bloodshed. Archer assumed the command of a strong party of the insurgents, that attacked Ballymena. They effected

their object, and compelled the small garrison, that defended the town, to surrender. But their prosperity was of short duration. On the evening of the same day, a detachment of troops forced them to abandon the place. They retired to an adjoining hill, where they made good their stand, during the night; but the next day, hearing of the disastrous results of the great battle at Antrim, and the consequent submission of the large army of their confederates, on Donegore hill, the greater number of them dispersed, and returned to their homes, leaving Archer, with about forty or fifty, who refused to lay down their arms, to the consequences of their obstinacy. These infatuated men retired to the deserts of Glenravel, where they kept together for a short time, and even had their number increased by some of the ignorant, impoverished peasantry of that wild district. But they were too feeble to make head against their powerful enemies; and, as a body, they could not long subsist, in a desolate and an uncultivated region. They soon, therefore, on the approach of a small military force against them, separated, and consulted their safety, either singly, or in small groups, in the most secluded places of the surrounding wilderness, where, being outlawed by a proclamation, they waged, for several weeks, a desperate and murderous hostility against their pursuers. At length the remnant of them, as has been already stated, found a more eligible retreat amidst the cliffs of Slimish.

Archer now saw all the hopes that he had founded on his connexion with the United Irishmen, scattered to the wind. All his cherished visions of dazzling Miss Gordon, and seducing her into an acceptance of his hand, by the splendor of his insurrectionary greatness, and military fame, had now vanished, never to return. Not so his love. It remained in full force; nay, the more forlorn the hope of ever possessing the object of his attachment became, the more vehemently did he cherish the desire of it. While the hope that he might one day call her his wife, remained, it soothed and moderated the violence of his passion: but now that such hope had departed, the desperation—the frenzy of that passion raged uncontrolled, and he meditated carrying her off by force, to his hiding-place. He knew that several of his fellow outlaws panted for ven-

geance on Mr. Irvine. To these he communicated his design, and readily obtained their promise of assistance.

The enterprise thus resolved on, was one of much difficulty and danger. The country was, in every direction, almost night and day, scoured by military parties, in search of the proscribed fugitives, of whom Archer and his associates were the most obnoxious. Several times had these men descended from their rocky battlements, on their way to assail Cranmore house, but were always arrested in their course, by observing bodies of the yeomanry on the watch for them. On such occasions, while his companions betook themselves to a timely flight, and in general regained their mountain citadel in safety, Archer, relying on his superior fleetness, with his light fusee in his hand, and his hanger girt on his side, would wantonly lead his pursuers on a chase of many miles, and when any of them advanced before the rest, he would await his approach in some convenient covert, and, with never-failing aim, mark him for destruction. During these pursuits, with an imprudent and unnecessary boldness, he would often stop on heights, up which his enemies would be breathlessly toiling after him, wave his hat or handkerchief, and, in derision, invite them to approach. He would then, with the swiftness of wind, dart out of the reach of danger, and bound over hedges, brooks, morasses, and other impediments, impassable to his pursuers. His confidence in himself, and his contempt for his enemies, at length became so great, that he sometimes, in mere wantonness, would singly descend from his mountain eyrie, and, like a bird of prey, pounce on his foes in the plain, and sacrifice, perhaps, two or three of them to his fury, before they could assume a posture of defence. If it happened that no enemy obstructed his progress, he would push these excursions as far as Cranmore, with the view of catching a glimpse of her he loved, and of gaining some intelligence of her movements, by which he might be enabled to put his designs against her into execution.

On one of these occasions, he received information, which aroused him to desperation, and made it necessary that he should effect his purpose respecting her, soon or never. This was nothing less than that, in a few days, she was to be married to a young gentleman, named Stephenson, whom he had

long since understood to be his rival. This gentleman was the commander of one of those companies of yeomanry, that had been hastily raised among the loyalists, to assist in putting down the rebellion. In order that he might the more frequently enjoy the society of Miss Gordon, as well as afford her protection, captain Stephenson had solicited and obtained permission to assist, with his corps, the troops that were charged with the apprehension of the outlaws of Slimish. Since his arrival in this neighborhood, his anxiety to restore tranquillity to the country, together with, perhaps, the excitement of certain feelings, of no friendly nature, towards Archer, induced him to exert an activity and a perseverance in pursuit of that audacious and dangerous character, which no other officer exhibited.

Captain Stephenson was, therefore, an object of more than ordinary hatred to Archer, even before the latter received the information before mentioned. That information excited his hatred to rage; and he determined to make some sudden and powerful effort, to prevent the intended nuptials, and inflict vengeance on his rival.

He hastened to the mountain, and consulted his confederates, about fifteen of whom agreed to join in any enterprise he should propose. It was now the month of October, and the nights were become long and dark. Archer gave his followers the necessary instructions; and as soon as the darkness favored their project, they descended, one by one, into the valley, and hastened to meet at the place of rendezvous, which was the ruins of an old church, not far from Cranmore house, where captain Stephenson had his head quarters.

Archer, having secreted about one-half of his associates, in this ancient building, proceeded with the remainder to Cranmore, which he knew to be garrisoned by at least a dozen yeomen. When within gunshot of the house, Archer halted his men, while he himself drew sufficiently near, to get a fair aim at the sentinel, at whom he fired, and killed him on the spot. The report, as was intended, aroused the garrison, who, with captain Stephenson at their head, sallied forth upon the assailants. The latter fled, according to their instructions, and drew their pursuers to a considerable distance from the house. Archer then hastened to the party concealed in the

old church, and, at their head, rushed into the house, which was but feebly defended by the servants, the stoutest of whom had accompanied Stephenson in pursuit of the first assailants. Mr. Irvine and the servants were soon overpowered and bound; but Archer prevented them from sustaining any other injury. Miss Gordon was then seized, and folded in a large cloak provided for the purpose. Archer, then, with one or two of his men, hurried to the stable for a horse, which they soon harnessed to a gig; and the active outlaw was, in a few minutes, on his way to Slimish, with the object of his love secured beside him.

In order to avoid the military parties, that every night scoured the country, and whom the noise of the musketry had now alarmed, and attracted towards Cranmore, Archer, with his prize, was obliged to turn into unfrequented roads, the narrowness and roughness of which compelled him to drive with such caution, that his approach to the path, by which he intended to ascend the mountain, was more tedious than comported with either his patience or his safety. Every minute, danger thickened around him; for the straggling bands of military and royalists, who hastened, from all quarters, to the place where the sound of contention was heard, instead of keeping the open roads, took across fields, and through by-paths, as their shortest course. The darkness, alone, prevented him from being discovered by several of these parties, who crossed the path on which he was advancing, at no great distance from him. Besides, he found it difficult either by persuasions or threats, to prevent Miss Gordon from giving the alarm whenever she conceived that there was any probability of being heard; and, even secured as she was in the strong cloak that enveloped her, she had made several attempts to leap from her seat, and escape from his hands. Rather than proceed, amidst such dangers, towards his mountain asylum, he believed it would be more prudent to secure her, for that night at least, in a house now convenient to him, belonging to one of his partisans, named M'Cormick. He accordingly alighted there; and, being desirous to sooth the feelings of his distracted victim, as much as possible, he placed her under the care of M'Cormick's wife, who conducted her to a bed-chamber, and treated her with civility and kindness. But no

kindness could yield consolation to the alarmed mind of the captive maiden. She knew the resolute and daring character of the man into whose power she had fallen. The situation in which she had left her mother and uncle, bound, and in distraction at her abduction, and the danger to which the beloved youth, to whom she had plighted her affections, was now exposed; or, if he should escape the dangers of this fearful night, the weight of sorrow which he must sustain when he should hear of her misfortune—all these circumstances rushed on her mind, and produced a paroxysm of grief, which could not be appeased, until, throwing herself on the bed, exhausted nature yielded to fatigue, and she fell into a troubled and an unrefreshing slumber.

To prevent suspicion of his having taken refuge in this place, Archer thought it necessary that the horse and gig should be removed to a distance. M'Cormick accordingly drove off with them, while Archer remained sentinel over the prize he had secured. He did not, however, disturb her with his presence, for he was very desirous that the immoderate agitation of her feelings should subside, lest it might produce some fatal effect. He conceived that he had her now secured, beyond danger of being wrested from him, as her friends would not dream of her being concealed any where, but amidst the cliffs of Slimish. He hoped, therefore, that in time, by a display of kindness and affection, he should be able to reconcile her to the desperate step he had taken.

Fortune, however, had perils at hand for him, which he did not expect. Mr. Irvine's servants had soon been able to extricate themselves from their bonds, and two of them were now, with their master, in pursuit of him, and had, by good fortune, got on the proper track; and M'Cormick had not proceeded far with the gig, before he perceived their approach. He hastily abandoned the vehicle, which fell into their hands; and, in the belief that his person had not been recognised, he returned to his own house. But he was traced thither. The house, however, was not immediately attacked; for Mr. Irvine, thinking his party too weak for that purpose, resolved only to watch it at a distance. In the meantime he despatched one of his attendants after captain Stephenson, for assistance.

When M'Cormick informed Archer of what had taken

place, that daring man, prompt in all his measures, stole silently out, to reconnoitre. Stooping, so as to be concealed by the ditches, along which he crept, he soon discovered where Mr. Irvine and his remaining servant were stationed. The latter he instantly shot through the heart; and leaping on the former, soon disarmed him, and brought him a prisoner into M'Cormick's house. Leaving him there, in the custody of M'Cormick, he exerted his incomparable speed, in collecting a band of his confederates, to assist in removing both his captives to a place of greater security; and in less than an hour he returned, with ten well armed men, whom, by the sounding of a small horn, at the foot of Slimish, he had brought down from their airy heights.

Having stationed this reinforcement round the house to prevent a surprise, he entered, and addressed Mr. Irvine.

"You perceive," said he, "that both you and your niece are completely in my power. I intend no personal injury to either of you; but it will be prudent for you to submit, without resistance, to my wishes. You must both immediately accompany me to my habitation on Slimish; for you are aware that this is no place of safety for us. Our mountain dwelling you will, indeed, find rather more rude, and much less convenient than that to which you have been accustomed. But your want of comfort will not be my fault; for I should rejoice to see you happy, provided your happiness did not occasion my misery.—Yes, madam," said he, turning to Miss Gordon, who was present, "your happiness in becoming the bride of another man, would have been misery to me, beyond endurance. It is to prevent such a calamity, that I have committed the violence of this night. You look upon me, I know, with horror, as a monster of wickedness, a rebel, a ruffian, and an irreclaimable outlaw. That I am such, is owing to you, and to you alone. I loved you, with an uncontrollable passion. You spurned me from you, because inferior to you in station and in fortune. I rushed into the arms of the United Irishmen, because their designs and their numbers afforded me a hope that they would produce such a change in the condition of society, as would elevate me to a station, that would be above your scorn. Oh! if success had attended our arms, and it had been in my power to have commanded fortune and fame, with

what delight I should have kneeled at your feet, and begged you to share them with me! But fate has ordered it otherwise. Your contempt has made me a villain and an outlaw. I am a persecuted, a proclaimed wretch: a price is set upon my head. I am hunted, like a wolf, from covert to covert. Yet all these evils, nay, evils infinitely more cruel and appalling than these, I could bear, with a gay heart and an unsubdued spirit: but the thought, madam, of your blessing the arms of another man, I cannot bear. To prevent that worst of calamities, I have this night acted the ruffian; and prevent it, I will, effectually, by placing you where neither the arm of him whom you have preferred, nor of all the earthly powers, that he can summon to his aid, can reach, to wrest you from me. He may lament, until his heart break, for his lost mate; he may shout for revenge on the robber of his treasure, until his lungs crack; but he must bring down the summits of Slimish to a level with the fields of the valley, before he shall repossess his promised bride, or inflict his threatened vengeance!

"As for you, Mr. Irvine, who have been long our persecutor, my companions demand that you shall accompany us. I have stipulated for your personal safety. But it is believed that you will be a valuable hostage, to secure terms from our enemies, whenever we may wish to make any. Lament not, sir, for the home that you leave. You shall have, amidst our mountain heights, an abode, if less elegant, infinitely more sublime!—But little time is to be lost. Our foes may be approaching, even while we are talking. Up, therefore, my good sir, and you, fair maiden, also arise, and let us be going!"

While he was speaking, his enemies were, indeed, approaching. Mr. Irvine's servant had been a successful messenger; and Archer had scarcely uttered the last sentence, addressed to his prisoners, when the men whom he had stationed round the house, gave the alarm that soldiers were approaching. Archer seized his arms, and darted out of the apartment. In another moment, a discharge of musketry and shouts of combatants rent the air. Mr. Irvine rushed out, and his niece followed. M'Cormick attempted to detain the latter. Her uncle perceived him, and turning back, seized an axe which lay convenient, and felled the rustic to the floor. One of the outlaws caught the axe, and endeavoured to force it from Mr.

Irvine. But the struggle for it was soon terminated, by captain Stephenson rushing in, and burying his sword in the outlaw's body.—"Thank heaven!" he exclaimed, "here is my beloved!" He caught the trembling girl in his left arm. "Follow us, Mr. Irvine!" he cried, as he sprang out of the house, fighting his way with the one arm, and bearing his prize in the other. Mr. Graham, with his formidable axe, followed, protecting them in the rear. The outlaws gave way before them, and they had nearly reached their own party, when Archer, who had been attempting, with two or three of his men, to outflank the troops, and intimidate them, by an attack on their rear, with the eye of a falcon, perceived the success of his rival, and, with the speed of an eagle, flew upon him. His fusee had just been discharged. With one blow of it, he brought Stephenson to the ground, but received, at the same time, a wound from that officer's sword, which disabled his right arm. By this time, also, the yeomanry had reloaded; and, discharging a second volley among the outlaws, they rushed upon them, with fixed bayonets, and put them to flight. Their fire had wounded Archer in one of his thighs, and he was taken prisoner.

"This night's work," said he, with great coolness, to the yeoman who first seized him, "has been worth five hundred pounds to you, if your employers be as good as their word. But you may thank that confounded shot in my limb for your good fortune. I hope that you have caught no other of our party alive, to enjoy a share of your tender mercies.—And eh! that gay spark, my brilliant rival there, still keeps the ground! I trust his brains are out, so that he shall not have the pleasure of seeing me hanged!—But the young lady, my good friends, why do you not raise her from the cold earth? I hope she has not been hurt in this cursed fray!"

The hurry of the fight, in which Mr. Irvine had been actively engaged, had prevented both him and the yeomen, amidst the confusion and darkness of the scene, from adverting to the condition of captain Stephenson and Miss Gordon. The former had been severely stunned by the blow which he had received on the head, and was still lying senseless on the field; while the latter, whom he still kept enfolded in his arm, had fainted, when he fell, and had not yet recovered. They were

now carried into M'Cormick's house, where, in a short time, they were both restored to sensation, and a knowledge of the victory that had been achieved.

The next day Archer was conveyed to Ballymena, and a few days afterwards, pursuant to the sentence of a court martial, by which his outlawry rendered him liable to be tried, he was executed on a high rath, about a quarter of a mile to the south of the town. There, for many months, his body was to be seen, suspended in the air, in chains, impressively warning those who are under the dominion of headstrong passions and unreasonable desires, to resist their fatal suggestions.

The blow which Mr. Irvine had inflicted on M'Cormick with the axe, in a short time terminated that man's existence. Mr. Irvine provided for the widow and her children. The rest of the outlaws soon after submitted to the mercy of the government. Their lives were spared; but they were ordered to leave the country, never to return. Thus were the last embers of the terrible rebellion of 1798, completely extinguished throughout the north of Ireland, where, from the active character of the population, the government expected that it would be more formidable, and more difficult to suppress, than in any other quarter of the country.

Captain Stephenson and the lovely niece of Mr. Irvine, having no more violence to dread from the bold and dangerous OUTLAW OF SLIMISH, on the appointed day, pledged to each other those nuptial vows, which that unhappy man had made such a desperate, and, to himself, fatal, effort to prevent.

Mc.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE RECONNOITERER.

No. I.

MR. EDITOR,

Dear Sir—You must not suppose, from the military title I have assumed, that I am a fighting character. I acknowledge that I am considered by some of my acquaintances to be of a contentious disposition; but they are only those who mistake my fretfulness with the world—for which, Heaven knows, I

have had abundant cause—for ill-humor; and suppose, because I occasionally indulge myself in railing against mankind, for the ill-usage I have received from them, that I am quarrelsome, and ready to fight every rascal that comes in my way with Quixotic sword and pistol, or Hibernian shilelah, whereas, in my most angry moods, the rudest and most formidable weapon I could ever bring my conscience to use, was a goose quill, converted into that frequently potent, but, alas for me! also frequently impotent instrument, called a PEN. The PEN, sir, that wonderful machine, which sets authors' brains and printers' presses to work; which displaces statesmen, overturns kingdoms, and drives castles-in-the-air into the regions of non-entity—how can it ever be impotent? The glorious instrument which gave the world Magna Charta and Shakspeare's plays, the Declaration of Independence and your illustrious Magazine, the Rights of Man and Peter A. Browne's challenge to Dr. Sutherland—an instrument thus glorious in its doings, how can it ever be impotent? Alas! sir, its occasional impotence is no fiction. I have painfully experienced it. It is the cause of all my wo; the reason of my contention with the world; and the origin of that reputation for ill-humor, which I am fated to bear.

I was, sir, at a date not far removed, like many another fool, ambitious of literary distinction. In the days of my youth, I saw no other way of making an impression on the world, than by the pen and the press; and I hated to pass through life, without leaving some trace behind. I could not, like John Randolph, make speeches, nor, like Ned Forrest, act plays. I had not bronze enough for either. Nor had I rudeness enough to insult my neighbor, and acquire celebrity by a rough-and-tumble; nor courage enough to fight a duel, and be lectured into fame, by editorial morality.

Being thus incapable of acquiring that distinction for which I so eagerly panted, by corporeal nerve, I had no resource but to try what intellectual nerve could do. The examples of Sir Walter Scott, Ensign O'Doherty, and the Right Honorable George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron—what a clever thing it is to have plenty of names!—stared me full in the face, and I determined to have recourse to the mighty instrument of their glory—the safe and immortal PEN. With them, and with

philosopher Symmes, and the merry Major Mordecai Manasseh Noah, I knew it to have been all-powerful; and why it should not be so with me, I could see no earthly reason. "Ah!" said I, "I will try it." I hurried to auction, bought a bundle of five thousand Russia quills, and five reams of excellent foolscap, and set to work.

But mark the issue, Mr. Editor, and condole with me. You will see, by the plain story I am going to relate, that I have abundant cause for dissatisfaction with the present untoward and graceless generation. No man ever felt a keener desire for its countenance and regard, than myself. How fervently have I sighed for its attention! how industriously have I labored for its praise! And yet with what chilling indifference has it treated me! It makes my blood run cold—no, I am wrong, it heats it to the boiling warmth of irrepressible indignation, when I think of such ingratitude.

But hear me, and judge. I was born—no matter where—it is enough to say that it was in the land of Freedom, and every American knows where that is. I had a father and mother, who, some years ago, left this perverse world, I trust for a better. Not that they were extremely discontented with it, for it had treated them with much decency, allowing them to live and die moderately rich, for which I sincerely thank it. I had also an elder brother, who followed his parents about two years ago. It was generally supposed that he died of love, because it was notorious that he was jilted by a pretty black-eyed girl, the daughter of an eminent citizen, who, in a fit of romance, after reading a certain American novel, ran off to the western country with a tall Missouri merchant, in hopes of becoming one of the heroines of frontier adventure, or, in failure of that, of enjoying nature, sentiment, and love, amidst the sylvan simplicity of the interminable Backwoods. But the fact is, that my brother died of consumption, caught by overstraining his lungs in the delivery of a fourth-of-July oration, with an emphasis which he thought suitable to the wonderful sublimity of the sonorous epithets, with which he had rendered it unintelligible to his highly edified and delighted audience.

Peace be with him! I wish it from my heart; for though somewhat of a bustler in politics, and a brawler against bank-

ing institutions and foreign commerce, he had many good qualities. He was excellent at a dry joke, could puff a cigar with any lounger at Holahan's, and curse the English with as much vehemence as any office-hunter in the country. These were superb qualities, and he added to them a very brotherly sort of behaviour towards myself, being always extremely fidgetty and loud in his admonitions, whenever I failed in any of my literary projects. The indulgence of literary vanity was, in his estimation, the most ridiculous species of human infirmity. "Zounds! brother," he would say, "you think yourself a great man, when every body is laughing at you for a silly one. You may write till you become blind, and pay the printers and the puffers, till you have not a dollar left, and the world will only scoff at you for your pains. Quit this scribbling, and set up for a statesman, or become a soldier, and you may, in either pursuit, attain to both eminence and utility. For me, though if I tried it, I might hold as good a pen as yourself, yet I should as soon expect to gather grapes from brambles, or roses from sea-weed, as either wealth or reputation from authorship."

Unpalatable as these expostulations were, they were, unhappily, strengthened by the result of many an anxious experiment, and in time they began to make a due impression on my mind. Think, Mr. Editor, of a man who has published five and forty miscellaneous pamphlets, nine novels, three and twenty plays, and six octavo volumes of poetry, besides innumerable essays in Quarterly, Monthly, Weekly, and Daily periodicals, and say whether he has not done something worthy of renown. How can I, sir, reflect with patience on the immense labor which the production of such a large body of literature has cost me, when it has been produced in vain? My goodly volumes, the offspring of so many hopes, and so much toil and anxiety, are never looked into by any body but myself. Is it not mortifying in the extreme? Is it not sufficient to drive any man of common sensibility to madness? Collins and Gray produced each but a diminutive volume, containing less writing than one of my plays, and yet their fame is immortal! Can I think of this, and not curse the absurd caprice and partiality of mankind? It is impossible, Mr. Editor.—The world has treated me badly. All my efforts to please or instruct, have been

rewarded only by neglect and scorn. Mankind must certainly have combined against me. It is impossible that such universal and permanent neglect should be accidental; and, considering the multiplicity and extent of my works, it must be decidedly unjust. I have, therefore, assuredly a right to consider the world as having conspired against me. It has wantonly and contemptuously refused me justice. Am I not, therefore, warranted in being out of humor with it? Yes, sir, I acknowlege that I bear it, in the gross, no good will, although there are in it a few individuals of generous minds, whom I cannot avoid esteeming; and I may say with Dean Swift, that I dislike mankind, although I respect Peter, John, Richard, and Harry.

The world having treated my literature with so much contempt, I have been obliged at length to take my brother's advice, and leave off authorship. I may, indeed, occasionally write, but it shall never again be with a view to fortune or to fame. As to fortune, since my brother's death, I am, thank Heaven! amply supplied; and as to fame, I begin to consider it as the fox professed to do the grapes, to which he could not reach, as "sour." At all events, since it has eluded me so long, I am determined to fatigue myself no more in pursuit of it. Personal ease is now beginning to have attractions in my eyes, which I am astonished I did not sooner perceive. I am no longer to be led away by the glare of a glittering reputation, nor can I be deluded by the mere sound of a name. The substantials of ease and enjoyment are now my objects; and as Providence has kindly placed them within my reach, I shall not be so foolish as to reject them.

But it must not be thought that I am about to resign myself to a life of indolence. No, I have resentments against the world to gratify; and upon many individuals I have retaliations to make for wrongs, which I hope, however, I shall not make in a manner either illegal or malignant. I trust that I can exercise the forgiving temper of a Christian, even towards those who have treated me with scorn; but it must be when I have done something to make them sensible of their injustice. I do not wish, in reality, to do them a mischief; but I am aware of their faults and their foibles, and these I am determined to expose; so that if I shall not inflict on the scoundrels

any severe punishment, for their behaviour towards me, I hope, at least, to make them ashamed of it.

My plan is this, sir: I have, at an enormous expense, established a system of espionage over every class of the community; for I have complaints to make against every class. I have organized and disciplined a regiment of spies, whom I have under pay, and to whom I have given the title of RECONNOITERERS. They consist of several hundred individuals, shrewd, active fellows, who are scattered over the United States, each having a certain portion of the country under his superintendence. It is the duty of these Reconnoiterers to keep a strict watch upon the manners and morals of the people, and to report to me, for the purpose of public exposure, whatever of the ludicrous or the villanous may come under their notice. In order to effect this public exposure, with your permission, Mr. Editor, I shall occasionally use the pages of your Magazine. Such an arrangement, sir, I believe, will gratify both your philanthropy and my misanthropy. You will rejoice to hold a mirror to the public view, in which many persons will see those crimes and follies, which they ought to avoid; while I shall rejoice at the mortification and shame, which, I question not, they will feel, at the exposure. Your object will be to restrain folly and prevent vice; mine, to lash them, and render them ridiculous in the eyes of all beholders.

If you publish this, sir, you shall soon again hear from me.

DIOGENES TELESCOPE.

P. S. Being particularly desirous to keep the manners and morals of this good city of Brotherly Love under strict surveillance, I have resolved to employ for that purpose, an extra number of sub-reconnoiterers, to whom an ample compensation shall be given. I have divided the city and suburbs into one hundred and twenty-five districts, over each of which one of my deputies shall be placed. The number at present engaged, is only one hundred and one. There are, therefore, twenty-four situations yet vacant in Philadelphia; besides which, there are, in other parts of the Union, upwards of three hundred vacancies, although nearly sixteen hundred are already supplied. In this office-loving country, I have no doubt of being soon able to supply the deficiency. But in order that I may

have the choice of suitable persons in my power, I hereby invite applications from all such as may think themselves qualified to perform the duties of a Reconnoiterer, and who can produce respectable recommendations of their intelligence, activity, penetration, impartiality, veracity, and urbanity of manners. None else need apply; for I am determined to employ none but such as I shall be convinced will uphold the respectability, and promote the utility of the office of a Reconnoiterer.

Applications by letters, *post paid*, may be addressed to the editor of this Magazine.

D. T.

Philada. October 20, 1828.

[The following address was, we presume, intended to be spoken at the opening of a new Theatre, but was not presented. A conviction of its superiority over many addresses that have been delivered on such occasions, induces us to insert it in the Magazine.—*Ed.*]

Great Shakspeare tells us—"that a play's the thing
With which to catch the conscience of a king"
—The conscience of a king! 'tis all a farce!
The consciences of kings are *few*, and *scarce*,
Kept by a privy council—seldom found
But in their epitaphs, when under ground.

In our republic,—in Columbia's clime
Kings are extinguish'd, by "the tide of time"—
While each bold yeoman, in his pride of birth,
Stalks o'er the bosom of his parent earth,
And proudly challenges the world's applause
For one, who's *crowned*, and *sceptred*, by the laws.
You *all* are *monarchs* in creation's right,
All *chartered freemen*, in the world's despite.

To catch your consciences, we don't pretend!
Our anxious wishes are—to catch a friend.
—Egad, he's caught!—hope holds him forth to view,
He stands confessed—in every *one* of *you*.
Your generous smiles reveal a friendly heart,
And richly compensate the player's art—

Sustain the drooping *muses*, and *renew*,
And, as I live, *improve*, the *graces* too.
In kindred sympathy, each lady's cheek
Glows with those feelings, which she must not speak,
While from her brow, our sentence we await,
Her brow—the unerring horoscope of fate—
Say she should frown—the drama droops and dies;
It lives—it only lives in her bright eyes,
Like a faint star, that through its circuit runs,
And gathers lustre from surrounding suns—
Should she approve—the muse's cause is won,
Our labors blest,—and all our cares are done.

'Tis not for ages *past*, your voice we claim,
Past times and nations had their meed of fame:
We crave no laurels from the wreaths of Rome,
Honors, like *charity*—begin at *home*.—
The mighty dead the living but disgrace,
Unless the living vindicate *their* place!
What sire illustrious can protect from shame
The recreant offspring of his honored name?
Or how shall we,—presumptuous, dare to trace
A *dwarfish* lineage—to a *giant* race?
They who would *prosper*,—he who would *aspire*
To emulate the glories of his sire,
Must learn this truth, which all mankind proclaim,
That borrowed honors are at best—but shame!
The lion dead—we rob him of his skin,
To wrap some feeble favorite within;
Despite the lion's hide, the cheat wont pass,
He *brays*—and lo—"you write him down an ass!"
Or if his *voice* be mute—yet till our fears
Are all consummate,—should he show his *ears!*
Away with borrow'd plumes—"off lendings, off"—
Scoff of *the age*—of *every age* the *scoff*.
In worth *unbonnetted*, our players advance,
And ask,—will you refuse it?—but a chance;
A *chance* to win—what they shall proudly wear
—Not "for a day"—but many a fruitful year,
Your generous patronage.—Your cheering smile
Shall all our doubts remove—our cares beguile.
Grant this request, kind friends—and night and day,
—"As bound in duty—*we will ever pray*."

B.

THE PLEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP, *a Poem, by James M'Henry*, Philada. J. Grigg, 1828. Third American Edition.

THE original design of a review was to give a critical and candid exposition of the merits and defects of the works of which the reviewer professed to treat. But how different from this design is a Weekly, a Monthly, or a Quarterly, of the present day! Relying on the superior education, more extensive knowledge, and wide-spread reputation of the editor of a popular review, or of the several contributors to it, the reader takes up a number, for the purpose of inquiring what is the character of the passing volumes of the hour; or what improvement or amusement he may derive from the perusal of any particular work, the subject of which attracts his notice, and is congenial with his habits and his taste. Is his curiosity gratified, by the reference? Does he find any regular examination of its contents—any commentary upon its style—any opinion expressed upon its deserts? Seldom any. Instead of *one* book being selected, as the subject of what is technically called an ARTICLE—and let us remark that *technicalities* are a main ingredient in our modern reviews—he beholds an array of titles, sometimes in our vernacular tongue, but more frequently in French, or Spanish, or Italian, or German—and it is happy for the reading public that our printers are not generally furnished with Sclavonic or Icelandic founts, else they would often be annoyed by those languages also. When it is desired to make a very great display of universal learning, the articles are compounded of all those different tongues together; forming a discordant medley of dialects, such as were never before associated, since the confusion ordained as a penalty on the sins of men, at the tower of Babel.

Let us, however, not be misunderstood. Let it not be supposed that we entertain any dislike to foreign literature or to foreign tongues. It is not the use, but the abuse of foreign languages, to which we object. We wish to derive instruction from the books of every nation; to reap profit and amusement from the writings of every clime. But we wish not to be wearied with the prosing of learned dulness, upon subjects uninteresting to all, except a very few pedantic literati, who value

a book rather for its exoticism, than its utility—rather because it is unintelligible, unless to a mere hunter-up of out-of-the-way nonsense, than pleasing to the readers for whom they indite their *lengthy* articles of profundity and affectation.

This vain exhibition of curious learning reminds us of the school-master portrayed by Goldsmith:—

> "The village all declared how much he knew,
> 'Twas certain he could write and cipher too,
> Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
> And e'en the story ran that he could gauge!"
> "While words of learned length and thundering sound,
> Amazed the gazing rustics, rang'd around.
> And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head could carry all he knew!"

But the gaze and wonder caused by the prodigious out-pouring from a modern reviewer's pen, are often due, more to the pen itself, than to the reviewer's brain. It is only WE, who handle the amazing quill—we literary mechanics—that are acquainted with the secret of making the unlettered stare:—it is only WE, who are initiated into the mystery of teaching others more than we know ourselves. Think not, simple reader, that, while we astound thee with our deep-learned comments, they are the legitimate offspring of our own head. There are literary pirates, as well as pirates of the ocean—men who steal others' thoughts, as well as men who rob others of their wealth. We have streams from which to draw the "curious" matter for our essays, known only to ourselves. We go to no inaccessible source. We leave the toil and trouble of such a journey to others who can better explore the way;—we drink in the waters with which we overwhelm you, from the copious streams which have been already taught to flow by the wand of genius. Like the wight, who, thinking that he had not sufficiently economized by stealing the heath to make his besoms, stole not only the material, but the thing itself—the besom ready made.

There are essays on every subject, already written; dictionaries of every kind, encyclopedias of every description;—it is from *these* that we steal those Babylonian ARTICLES, on which we strive to elevate ourselves so far above the comprehension of our readers, and "mount on others' shoulders to the skies."

Having seated himself in his elbow-chair, from which he may be said to speak *ex cathedra*, a thorough-bred reviewer, when treating of the poem before us, would proceed thus:—

"Nearly three thousand years have passed, since Homer sang his immortal Iliad to the admiring East: one thousand more elapsed, when Virgil took up the fallen strain, and in his melodious Eneid, finished what his sire began; and cotemporary with the Mantuan bard, the witty Horace and the deep-learned Ovid charmed the Augustan court. Whether Lucan be allowed to rank amongst the epic writers of the highest class, is yet a question undetermined; nor do we recollect any later poet of the Roman school, who claims a title to be enrolled amongst the favored few: but that Ariosto, by his Orlando, and Tasso, by his Jerusalem Delivered, have gained the meed of immortality, no critic of the present day can be found bold enough to dispute. The Henriade of Voltaire is the only poem deserving the name of epic, in the Gallic school; while Britain claims but one Homeric "strain—the sublime production of the heaven-crowned Milton."

It is said that a person may become an orator by education, but must be a poet from his very birth. That a good speaker, a powerful reasoner, may be produced by a due course of rhetorical and logical instruction, we readily admit; but that a man not qualified by nature, may become an *orator*, in the full meaning of the term, we most positively deny. There is no perceptible and definable distinction between the natural talent required by the one, and by the other, of these two powerful exciters of the human soul. The orator requires education, to enable him to reason, and to bring forth his natural gifts into practice:—the poet requires the utmost exertion of his imagination, aided by the rules of the poetic art, to invent a theme, and to adorn it with all the graces with which it is capable of being associated.

Few poems of the present day will, in our opinion, bear comparison with M'Henry's "Pleasures of Friendship." It is one of those happy productions, with which the lovers of poetry are seldom favored; one of those effusions of pleasing melody combined with touching sentiment, which delight the ear at the same time that they affect the heart. Not unacquainted with the romantic scenery, amidst which the author

learned to tune his earliest pipe, we can perceive that the feelings expressed in his pathetic poem, are not artificial, or a mere repetition of another's thoughts. The subject is the genuine offspring of nature's self, the vivid transcript of impressions made on the heart, in the season of impassioned youth, cherished and matured by manhood, and retained within the breast of ripening age.

It is not in cities that the soul naturally kindles with the poetic fire. It is, as the poet in many beautiful passages of this little volume, has described, when in childhood we wander with the playmates of our lisping infancy and robuster years, through the dell and glen; or by the brook meandering through the matted serge, and overshaded by the hawthorn white with the scented blossom, or the hazle decked with the clustering nut; while the playful fishes sport along the pebbled stream, and the young-fledged birds, as yet unable to wing an aerial flight, flutter from bough to bough.

The preference given to Friendship, in comparison with Hope, is not less new in the conception than happy in the expression:—

> "Friendship! to thee unsullied joys belong,
> Joys that can bless ev'n Heaven's immortal throng.
> In those bright realms, so rich in every joy,
> That Hope herself would but the bliss annoy,
> (For Hope, where'er she comes, however fair,
> Still Fear, th' attendant of her path, is there,)
> Angelic hosts affection's raptures prove,
> And holy anthems tell their mutual love!
> Fair Friendship binds the whole celestial frame,
> For Love in Heaven and Friendship are the same."

Nor is the next paragraph but one less deserving of approbation:

> "Yes; first of all the Heaven-descended train
> Of man's superior joys begins thy reign,
> Fair Friendship! sovereign of the soothing sway
> That charms our toils, and drives our cares away.
> For long ere Love, with raptures ne'er express'd,
> And blissful anguish, fires the throbbing breast,
> Ere Fancy's pencil paints a scene more gay,
> Than that experienced in the blest to-day;

Ere Hope's fond visions to the mind reveal
Those future raptures that it ne'er shall feel,
Like midnight meteors, with deceitful ray,
That promise morn, when morn is far away;—
Ere Memory's wand, with backward touch benign,
Can make the past with lovelier lustre shine;
Ere Wisdom, like the polar star, can guide
Towards the path where lasting joys abide;
Ere bright Religion, with persuasive voice,
Can make th' unfading bliss of Heaven our choice;
Congenial Friendship brings the potent spell,
To bid the young affections softly swell,
The sweets of fond society impart,
Whose cordial balm exhilarates the heart!"

In the following passage the poet recalls the several pastimes of his infantile years, renews the sports of boyhood, and enjoys the present by the recollection of the past:—

"And say, when Age, with retrospective view,
Surveys the tender years when life was new,
When the young mind felt e'en this world could bless,
Nor wish'd a happier Eden to possess;
Of all the joys in Memory's magic store,
So oft with fond endearment counted o'er,
What can the heart to equal rapture warm
With those to which affection gave the charm!
How warmly cherish'd, with a deep regret,
Our heart's first friend, whom we can ne'er forget!
Still lightly o'er the lawn we see him bound,
And with exulting bosom leap the mound.
We glow to think, when rural feats were done,
With him the applause, alternately, we won.
Though in the race victorious *he* was named,
We justly still the prize of combat claim'd;
Still to a greater height *we* urged the ball,
Though *he* with surer aim could meet its fall.
Oft down the glen together have we stray'd,
To watch our snares for fawns or foxes laid;
Oft spent whole days in consultation deep,
How most secure the linnet's nest to keep;
Or joy'd the woodland echoes to awake,
Or roused the victim plover from the brake,
Or mark'd the hawk, the pirate of the sky,
And let the leaden vengeance on him fly.

Oft by the river's brink we took our stand,
And drew the agitated fry to land;
Or trimm'd our bounding skiff with easy sail,
And lightly scudded with a pleasant gale;
Or thence retiring to domestic bowers,
While young imagination charm'd the hours,
Arabian genii all their terrors spread,
And wonder swell'd our bosoms while we read," &c.

The story of Montalbot is not inappropriately introduced; and we doubt not has its foundation in truth. It may relate to some individual catastrophe; yet, hundreds of the same kind occurred in Ireland, during the rebellion of '98, which, for a season, desolated the fairest portions of the kingdom, and brought many a patriotic hero to a premature grave.

It would be difficult to view the power of Friendship in a greater variety of situations than it is exhibited in this poem. Its potency in sorrow is not forgotten:—

"Ah! still, when secret sorrows rend the heart,
When hidden passions sting with bitter smart,
Or sharp remorse for deeds or thoughts conceal'd,
Bids all the soul to inward torture yield—
The friendly bosom that can share our grief
Is the best sanctuary to yield relief,
To quench the fiery aspect of despair,
And ease the laboring mind of half its care!"

Thomson has given us something akin to the following lines; yet, as love pervades almost every bosom—Hibernian as well as Scottish—the author of the Pleasures of Friendship would doubtless have introduced a passion so universal, even if the Seasons had never been written:—

"When the warm glow of love's delicious fires
The ardent soul of melting youth inspires;
Ere yet he dares with trembling heart disclose
To beauty's ear the fervor of his woes;
When to the covert of the woods he flies,
In Nature's silent shades to vent his sighs;
Or on the brink of some lone stream reclined,
Breathes on the whispering gale his bursting mind;
Or haply, while around from every spray
The woodland warblers pour th' enamor'd lay,

With kindred flame he imitates the strain,
And woos the willing Muse to sooth his pain,—
Oh! then how sweet, if to some friendly ear,
Which with soft sympathy his tale will hear,
He can reveal the sorrows of his breast,
And lull with fond complaints his griefs to rest!"

It is a truth, known and admitted by all, that friendships contracted in youth, are the most lasting. Like slender twigs, the dispositions of children easily accommodate themselves to each other; their bosoms are warm, and easily kindled with affection; impressions made then are new, and readily find a place in the heart, where they continue fixed, deepening, from year to year, while life remains:—

"When youth, engaged in education's cares,
To act his part in future life prepares;
If manly wishes in his bosom swell
In every bright attainment to excel,
He soon selects, to raise his flagging powers,
Some fond companion of his studious hours,
Whose learning, genius, conduct, he admires,
And warm for equal excellence aspires;
While noble pride and emulative zeal
Bid his friend's mind a rival ardour feel;
And each a loved and bright example views,
That gilds the course his kindled soul pursues.
No jealous hatred in their bosoms burns;
They love, admire, and emulate, by turns;
And when at last they try the stormy world,
The chart of knowledge to their eyes unfurl'd,
They heave a sigh of manly grief to part,
And bear through life the friendship of the heart."

Poetry, in its strict definition, means nothing more than *invention*. But the poet who seeks to please, by the novelty of tropes, or the force of sentiment, alone, will surely fail. Numbers—poetic rythmus—regularity of measure—are wanting to complete a poem and render it delightful. A *tale* is a poem, in the etymological sense: yet, if it contain not, in its structure, something more than a history, though we may admit its claim to novelty, we withhold from it the title of a poem. A *song*, also, is a poem, in the etymological sense: yet

we more frequently listen to the *music* of the song, than to the words themselves: indeed, so true is this assertion, that we crowd to a theatre, or to a concert, to drink in the liquid melody of song, though the music be conveyed in a foreign language, not one word of which we understand.

There are some writers of poetry, however, who, desirous of restraining the poetic art within the strict definition of the term itself, and relying confidently on their own creative powers, studiously endeavor to exclude the adventitious aid of prosody from their lines, that they may exhibit the creations of their Parnassian imagination in all their native charms. Of this class is Mr. Percival, whose name, if it does not stand high amongst Americans, is, nevertheless, not unfrequently before them. Had this gentleman studied the nature of the human breast, rather than the etymology of the term poet, we have little doubt that he would, in some degree, have succeeded in gratifying the taste of his fellow citizens; and have spared both himself and his friends the pain and labor of scolding his countrymen for not reading lines, which, though meant, were not formed, to please.

The second number of Mr. Percival's effusions under the title of Clio, is now before us. A few specimens of the author's style will enable us to judge which is the most agreeable, the regular rhythmus and sentiment-closing lines of the Pleasures of Friendship, or the affected carelessness and thought-disjointing verses of the Clio:—

> "Oh Evening! thou art lovely—in thy dress
> Of *sober gray*, I woo thee, when thy star
> Comes o'er the *hazy hills*, that rise afar,
> When tender thoughts upon my spirit press,
> And with the whispering gales and fanning airs,
> The quiet swelling of my bosom pairs;
> *And by the lake that lieth motionless*,
> Low in the secret hollow, where the shade,
> By bending elms and drooping willows made,
> Displays its peaceful canopy, and gives," &c.

We shall not here stop to inquire why the poet fell in love with Evening, "in her dress of *sober gray*," when her star "comes o'er the *hazy hills*." We shall only remark, that such objects are not congenial with our own raptures: nor shall we

object to the musical formation of the reader's ear, if he be deeply touched with the graceful cadence of a line which runs:

"And by the lake that lieth motionless."

Nor to the structure of his understanding, if he be satisfied with such lines as these:—

"Where float the sapphire sky, the clouds of snow,
The evening streaks, and every swarm that lives
And murmurs in the dun air, and the leaves
That quiver in the breath of night, and shine
With slowly-gathered drops, and boughs that play
Rising and falling quietly, he who grieves
For some deep-wounding sorrow, as is mine,
In such a lonely shade, his head may lay.

Stripped even of the semblance of versification—for indeed, nearly all the pieces of the Clio have but a *semblance* to the *eye*—let us throw a stanza into the common *form* of prose, and see what has become of the poet.

"Motherless infant, to the quiet sleep of early death descending—thou wilt die, as others sink in slumber, and wilt lie, ere long, within thy narrow grave. To weep for those, who fall like thee, befits not. Tears are shed on those whom we have watched for years, who, in our yielding hearts, have planted deep the rivets of affection. Thou art fair, and pure as rock-spring fountains, where they swell beneath o'erarching roots, and scatter there light bubbling dews. Pale infant, thou canst tell of pain, but thou art silent, for thy heart is calm. Remorse has never barb'd a dart to sting and tear thy vitals—for to thee regret can never come, and thou wilt part with being, as a lock would fall from me. Thine eyes are closed, thy lip is still and pale, thy cheek is deadly wan, or faintly flushed with hectic gushings; all thy cries are hushed, thy breath is silent as the summer gale, stealing through withered roses—thou wilt die.

The foregoing is a specimen of Mr. Percival's verse turned into prose. We shall next try the experiment of transmuting a few lines of historical prose into verse; without, however, taking any particular care as regards the number of syllables in each line; and submit to the judgment of our readers, which of the two is the most poetical:—

I.

"A Dutch ship, from the coast of Guinea,
Having sailed up James' river,
Sold to the planters
A part of her negroes;
Which race has augmented in Virginia,
By successive importations,
And by the natural increase,
Until it exceeds the number of the whites.

II.

What a climax of cupidity and turpitude;
What a glaring inconsistency
Between the public professions
And the private actions of individuals,
Is here presented for consideration!

III.

Only forty years had elapsed
Since Holland had burst the fetters
Of a Spanish despot.
She was, at this period, the favorite
Asylum of the oppressed:

IV.

Thus enjoying a political freedom
Made yet sweeter by the recollections
Of a sanguinary bondage,
And the proud satisfaction
Of receiving within her bosom
The trembling victims of superstition.

V.

But the fetters which her citizens had thus
Broken, and cast upon the ground,
Are quickly lifted and repaired.
With adamantine permanence,
They are transferred to the feeble
Unoffending nature of another clime.

History of the United States.

Having divested Mr. Percival's composition of the ocular advantage of poetical lines, it is only fair that Dr. M'Henry should be tested in the same manner:

"At silent midnight's meditative hour, the watchful seaman feels thy cheering power, inspiring friendship! as he views from far, heaven's azure circle gemm'd with many a star. Yon wandering orb, night's cold but lovely queen, illumes the sky, and gilds the watery scene: the stately vessel spreads the waving sail, to catch each impulse of the unsteady gale: in thoughtful mood reclining o'er her side, he views her progress through the expanding tide, and sighs to think, as o'er each wave she moves, she bears him farther still from those he loves!"

A child of five years old will perceive, that, in the last example, the measure is still preserved to the *ear*, though no longer visible to the *eye;* that the regular and sententious structure of M'Henry's versification has stood the ordeal unchanged, while the loose and disjointed lines of Percival have vanished in the test.

Enough has been shown to prove the fallacy of the latter style—the natural truth and advantage of the former. With no poem of the present day have we been more gratified than with the Pleasures of Friendship; and we doubt not that every reader, possessing an ear for the enjoyment of melodious numbers, and a heart to sympathize with the affections of human life, will accord with our opinion.

W. G.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SATAN.

Apostate Angel! Fall'n from glory's height!
Thy plumeless wings have lost their primal flight!
Beamless and shorn, dethroned morning star!
Eternal darkness shrouds thy wand'ring car!
Ruler and bane of earth's sustaining breath!
Thy heart is poison, and thy frame is death!
Soon fall the storms that on thy triumphs low'r,
And stayless thunders paralyze thy pow'r!

Malignant Fiend! tell why—late blest and fair—
Do Eden's tenants droop in mute despair?
Why are her cedars blighted? and why fade
Her glowing roses? Wherefore falls the shade
Of jasmine bowers—and myrtles, rustling round?
Why desert sand where fountains should abound?

Why hang her birds their heads and wings supine?
And why, in helpless wo, her beasts recline?
Tell why,—before yon Seraph's flaming sword,—
With guilt and shame, departs her mournful lord?
And why, with tears and trembling,—as he moves,
Leans on her lord the partner of his loves?
Where'er they turn, surrounding charms decay!
Why fade those charms? Why speedeth man away?—
Answer, thou envious Fiend! yea, lift thy crest!
Thy subtle malice triumph'd o'er the blest!
The well-springs of enjoyment ceas'd to roll,
And grief's slow poison rankled in the soul!

Why o'er yon lifeless youth does beauty weep?
Why mourns old age with sorrow still more deep?
Why artless infancy caress the dead?
And why the cloud of justice brood o'erhead?
Why shrinks yon haggard form? Ha! sudden blow!
Hot lightning scathes the fratricidal brow!
And Abel's parted soul pronounc'd a tone,
That made to tremble thy exulting throne!

Earth glooms! the sun is blood! the mighty rain,
One world-wide cataract, booms from heav'n amain!
Earth's firm foundations burst! the waters rise;
And mountain tops, like islands, brave the skies!
Far, far below, their storm-beat bases rock,
And their throng'd summits, shrieking, own the shock!
Still swell the waves, till not one isle appears!
Till wreck'd the glories of a thousand years!
Why thus?—Alas! but *one* on earth was good!
Thy myriad slaves provok'd th' o'erwhelming flood!

Why glows the redd'ning sky with burning haze?
Why are yon cities swallow'd by the blaze?
The sulph'rous show'rs with fatal fumes descend,
And groans, and crashing tow'rs the welkin rend!—
On thy seduc'd ones pours the fiery rain,
And hell ingulfs the cities of the plain!

Why roll yon chariots 'twixt the parted waves?
Why speed yon horsemen blindly to their graves?—
Thy harden'd vassal leads their awful way,
Till coil'd destruction, plunging, whelms his prey!
With tenfold rage, the surging ocean roars,
And strews the slaughter'd hosts along its shores!

From Eden's withering, to Egypt's death,
Thy venom tainted all of human breath!
From Egypt's death-cry, to the passing hour,
O'er reckless man has reign'd thy baleful pow'r!
And,—till the wheels of time shall cease to roll,
Till earth is fire, and heav'n a shrivell'd scroll—
Mankind shall yield their off'rings at thy shrine,
And God's creation serve thee,—as if thine!
Yet what the cost of free-will vows to thee?
Oh! that rash man would question Calvary!

Exil'd Archangel! does no ray of light
Allure thine eye beyond eternal night?
To where the sapphire gates and pearly wall
Surround the glory of the God of all?—
To where thy birth-right throne—a beaming sun,
Bright with the shadow of the Holy One—
Peers o'er the stars of wing-veil'd seraphim,
That holy anthems never cease to hymn?
Say! would thy wings renew their former flight?—
But thou art doom'd to flames and endless night!

Yon ocean rock beholds thy midnight form,
And hears thy voice loud rolling on the storm;
When, plunging in the grave thy fiery spear,
Thou cry'st—"The scourge of nations moulders here!
"I urg'd him on!—Yes, since the pristine fall,
"All guilt is mine that stains this cursed ball!
"Not I alone unhappy! Still, each wo
"I dealt to others, caus'd myself a throe!
"Hated by all that's good, I know full well;
"And 'fit to master'—all that serve in hell!"

First Foe of Man! the universal air
Exalts to Heav'n the Christian's fervent pray'r:—
"Soon fall the storms, o'er Satan's crown that low'r;
"And stayless thunders paralyze his pow'r!"

S.

The Atlantic Souvenir for 1829, has just been issued from the press of Messrs. Carey, Lea and Carey. They were the first to introduce annual presents of this description into this country; and by the expense and labor bestowed upon the present publication, we may conclude that they are also

determined to maintain a priority in point of excellence. The volume contains three hundred and sixty pages, presenting a beautiful specimen of typography, upon paper of the most delicate texture. The embellishments are twelve in number, executed upon steel, by distinguished artists. The designs are appropriate to the volume. That which pleases us most, is entitled 'Love Asleep,' from a drawing by Newton, engraved by our townsman, S. B. Ellis, who has executed four of the engravings in a style that will add to his reputation as an artist. The 'Contented Captive,' indicates talent for grouping, which is as yet a rare one in this country. Mr. Longacre has executed but one engraving, which is striking in its design, and a finished specimen of art. It is entitled 'The Lady of Ruthven;' a portrait of the wife of the celebrated Vandyck. Two of the embellishments are from the graver of F. Kearny, and are speaking pictures. That entitled 'Hesitation' is a love scene, between a lad and a lassie at a well, and he must be dull of imagination indeed who cannot enter into the spirit of it, without the aid of the charming song that accompanies it. The other, entitled 'The Shipwreck,' is from a painting by Sheffer, and is executed in such a masterly manner that one glance will convey to the mind of the spectator a full sense of the utter desolation of the widow and her orphan babes. Three of the embellishments are by Durand, all of which are creditable to him, and in one instance he has even surpassed himself. We allude to 'The Power of Love.' 'The Chapeau de Paille' is a finished engraving by Humphreys, from a picture by Rubens. Among the literary contributors we find the names of J. K. Paulding, Halleck, Percival, Willis, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Francis, and others, who have herein given sufficient evidence that they are capable of making their names advantageously known. We are pleased to see that several writers of Philadelphia have assisted in imparting interest to the pages of the present number. The following names are in the table of contents: Barker, Eckard, M'Henry, C. W. Thomson, T. Fisher, R. P. Smith, and Lloyd Wharton. We conclude with recommending this beautiful little volume as an exceedingly appropriate memorial to be presented during the approaching season of donations.

The Pearl is the title of a little volume, just published by T. T. Ash. It is an appropriate Christmas present for children, whose minds may not be sufficiently enlarged to enjoy the annuals of a higher literary character. It contains two hundred and fifty-two handsomely printed pages, and six appropriate embellishments. The contents will prove interesting and instructive to the juvenile mind. The plan of this little volume is excellent, and we hope sufficient encouragement may be bestowed upon it to induce Mr. Ash to continue it annually.

JUST PUBLISHED BY CAREY, LEA & CAREY,

The Atlantic Souvenir, a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1829—with numerous embellishments by the best authors.

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NOTICES.

This number of the Magazine contains eight pages more than were promised in the prospectus of the present series. This excess will be remedied in a future number, so that each volume will consist of the same number of pages as was originally proposed.

Booksellers who wish to advertise their publications in this Magazine, may have them announced, by effecting an arrangement, for that purpose, with the editor.

As soon as arrangements can be made to obtain agents for this work, a list of them will be published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several articles, intended for this number, are unavoidably postponed.

"G. B." and the writer of the article entitled "Raphael," will be pleased to inform the editor, as soon as possible, whether their papers are entirely original.

An arrangement between the editor and his correspondents, previously to the insertion of their articles, will be necessary, to entitle them to compensation.